

LF 789 9

Univ. Col.

G. L. Lovell.

# The HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

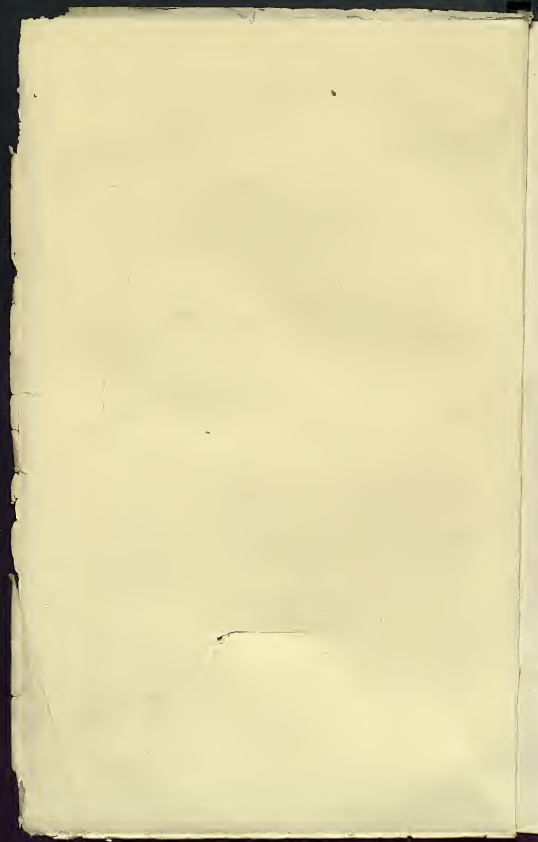


No. 38.



SUMMER TERM . . . 1913.





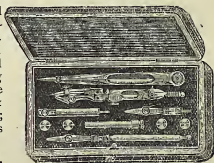


# DRAWING MATERIALS AND MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS

Of Best Quality in Great Variety.

## THE . . . 'TECHNICAL SCHOOL' SET OF INSTRUMENTS

Comprising Double-jointed  
Needle-pointed Bow Com-  
passes, with Adjustable Pen  
and Pencil Points and  
Lengthening Bar; Improved  
Pattern Divider; Drawing  
Pen with unbreakable white  
Celluloid Handle; Case for  
reserve Leads and Needles;  
Drawing Pins and Compass  
Key;



STEEL-JOINTED THROUGHOUT.

Price of above in leather case, Brass Instruments ...	...	7/6
Ditto, in snap case, Electrum Instruments ...	...	9/-
Ditto, both Pens with Hinged Nib, Brass ...	...	9/6
Ditto ditto Electrum ...	...	10/6

If with Hair Divider in place of Plain Divider the price for the 10/6 set is 2/6 extra.

Cases of Instruments from 10½d. to £8 5s.



### TOOLS

of every description for  
Students, Amateurs, and  
Mechanics.

Tools for Carvers, Fret-  
workers, Bent Ironworkers,  
Engineers, Electricians,  
Plumbers, Joiners, &c., &c.

Large illustrated catalogue  
of over 200 pages, 6d.

OSBORN & Co.,  
9, HIGH STREET SOUTHAMPTON.



Telephone 1018.

Telegrams  
BATT'S LIBRARY, SOUTHAMPTON.

# ROBERT C. BATT & CO

Discount Booksellers,

Stationers, etc. . . .

178, HIGH STREET,

♦ ♦ SOUTHAMPTON.

---

Agents for "SWAN," "NEPTUNE," and  
"ONOTO" FOUNTAIN PENS,  
"TOM THUMB" STYLO, &c.  
F. Swan's Self-Filler Fountain Pen - 3/9.

---

PUBLISHERS OF PROFESSOR HEARNshaw's "OUTLINES OF  
HISTORY," WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY AT ABOVE  
ADDRESS. PRICE 1/6, TO STUDENTS ONLY.

---

HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CREST POST CARDS,  
7 for Sixpence.



Vol. XIII.

No. 38.  
June, 1913.

The . . .

# Hartley University College .. Magazine ..



---

## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

*Editor*—MR. W. S. MACKIE, M.A.

*Sub-Editor*—MR. T. WILLIAMS.

*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer*—MR. E. WARD.

*Asst. Secretary*—MR. PRICE.

*Committee*—MR. C. S. AGATE, B.Sc., MR. A. S. ARNOLD,  
MR. R. MEAD.

MISS B. M. PLOUGHMAN, MISS O. FOOT.

All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the Editor of the Magazine,  
Hartley University College, Southampton.

All communications regarding Advertisements or Subscriptions should be addressed to  
the Secretary of the Magazine, Hartley University College, Southampton.



# Summer Sports!

---

ALL REQUISITES FOR THE GAME OF

## — CRICKET —

A large and carefully selected Stock of **BATS**,  
including the Famous

**Gunn and Moore "Autograph,"** and  
— **Gradidge "Imperial Driver,"** —

**AN INSPECTION INVITED!**

---

**LAWN TENNIS RACKETS** by all the well  
known Makers, at a range of prices to suit every  
Purchaser.

---

## LARGEST STOCK IN THE SOUTH!

---

Agents for **Slazenger's & Ayres'**  
World Renowned **TENNIS BALLS.**

**Croquet Mallets, Hoops, Balls, etc.,** by **JAQUES,**  
**SLAZENGER,** and **AYRES.**

**THE Shop** for all kinds of **Fishing Tackle.**

**A LIBERAL DISCOUNT** given to Clubs.

---

# PATSTONE & SON,

**25, HIGH STREET,  
SOUTHAMPTON.**

Telephone  
No. 872.



## CONTENTS.


	PAGE
EDITORIAL NOTES .. .. .	142
RADIOACTIVITY .. .. .	145
THOUGHTS AFTER THE BROWNING LECTURE .. .. .	151
OUR BUNBOY .. .. .	151
WORK .. .. .	152
BENEATH THE CLOCK .. .. .	155
IN CONCLUSION .. .. .	156
A DISCOURSE ON THE HAVRE CORPORATION VISIT .. .. .	157
TO THE AUTHOR OF BARRELL'S GEOMETRY .. .. .	159
AD MULIERES QUAE COAXATIONEM LAVANT .. .. .	160
OLD MOORE SECUNDUS' ALMANACK FOR MAY & JUNE, 1913 .. .. .	161
HARTLEY BISCUITS .. .. .	163
UNTHINKABLES .. .. .	165
HARTLEY .. .. .	165
"THE COLLEGER" .. .. .	166
A POEM .. .. .	166
ON DIT .. .. .	167
THE LEGION OF THE LOST ONES .. .. .	168
I WONDER .. .. .	168
THE TENNIS MUFF .. .. .	169
POST BAG .. .. .	171
WITH APOLOGIES TO R. KIPLING .. .. .	172
SAVINGS APROPOS .. .. .	174
PICTURE VERSES .. .. .	178
ESSAYS OF SWOTTERS .. .. .	179
ODE TO MY PUTTEE .. .. .	180
THE PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE .. .. .	181
VIOLET ON POINTS OF ETHICS .. .. .	184

### REPORTS AND SOCIETY NOTES—

CHRISTIAN UNION .. .. .	188
SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY .. .. .	189
WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM NOTES .. .. .	190
CHESS NOTES .. .. .	192
TENNIS NOTES .. .. .	192
CRICKET NOTES .. .. .	193



FOR REFRESHMENTS!



GO TO . . .

✻ **E.** ✻

**Wollerson,**

26, BRIDGE STREET  
SOUTHAMPTON,

(Just below Holy Rood Church).

Baker, Pastrycook & Confectioner  
ETC.

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate and Milk,

Sponge, Madeira, Genoa and Lunch Cakes.

Fancies for Afternoon Teas.

HOVIS BREAD (Certificate of Merit).

**All Cakes and Pastry made on the  
Premises, and of the Best Materials.**

**PORK PIES — A Speciality.**

**WEDDING CAKES MADE TO ORDER  
AND IN STOCK.**



Barley \*  
University  
College. \*

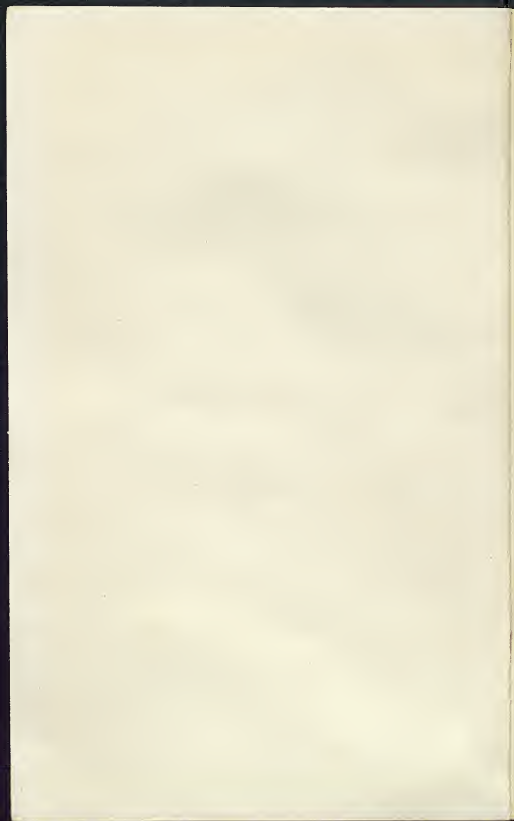
Cricket XI.  
Season \*  
\* 1913. \*



F. Kite. S. Ruffell. H. Jowitt. L. Wynn-Jones, Esq. C. Band. E. Williams. G. Radford.  
(President).  
P. Glover. H. Lewis. R. Mead. G. Terry. J. McGuire. L. Smith. G. S. Cowan.  
(Capt.)

Photo by Debenham & Smith.







THE  
Hartley University College Magazine.

= = Editorial Notes. = =

---

"Fare thee well ; and if for ever,  
Still for ever ; fare thee well."

*Byron.*

IN this issue of the Magazine it is incumbent upon us to echo the sentiments expressed in the Farewell Soirée. The College life of most of us has drawn to a close, and we have now to say farewell to those happy, delightful fields of pleasure wherein we have roamed during the past few years. Our minds will be agitated by different emotions, but a feeling of regret must, more or less, be predominant in every breast at breaking off our connection with a place grown strangely familiar and in many senses, dear to us.

So with these few words, we Seniors must bid farewell to the Juniors, and wish them both happiness and success in the future. We hope that they will strive to uphold the worthy traditions of their predecessors. The future of the College, to a very great extent, rests with them, and if they fulfill their duty, we may safely predict a bright and prosperous future for the College.

With this short quotation which suitably expresses our feeling with regard to the past few years and those to come, we conclude.

"Farewell happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells, hail, horrors, hail."

*Milton.*



Havre, le 4 Juin, 1913.

Messieurs les Membres du Hartley College,  
Southampton.

MESSIEURS,

Je me fais l'interprète de tous les Lyriens, même de ceux qui pour des causes différentes n'ont pu nous accompagner et qui prennent part aux joies que nous avons éprouvées; pour vous remercier de tout cœur, de l'accueil si chaleureux et si amical que vous nous avez fait et dont nous garderons, soyez en bien certains, un impérissable souvenir.

Merci à vous, Mesdames et Messieurs du Choral, de nous avoir donné la joie de vous applaudir dans l'interprétation si artistique de deux morceaux que vous avez eu l'amabilité de nous faire entendre.

Merci à vous, Mesdames et Mesdemoiselles, de la grâce toute charmante avec laquelle vous nous avez accueillis et qui nous fait regretter les quelques heures trop courtes que nous avons passées au milieu de vous, c'est un souvenir qui restera à jamais gravé dans le cœur de tous nos sociétaires, qui ne cessent d'en parler.

Merci à vous, Messieurs les Etudiants, de votre chaleureuse et si cordiale réception, nous avons vraiment senti battre nos cœurs à l'unisson des vôtres.

Si j'ai tardé de remplir cet agréable devoir de vous remercier, c'est que quelques-uns de nos camarades se sont trouvés dispersés, et comme nous devons nous revoir mardi, nous avons voulu avant nous remémorer le trop court moment que nous avons passé au milieu de vous.

Pourquoi l'aiguille a-t-elle tourné si vite et nous a-t-elle obligés de partir au moment où il nous semblait que nous arrivions! et quand nous avions tous le désir de rester encore longtemps avec vous! Laissez-nous donc espérer que les trop courtes relations établies, ne s'en tiendront pas là, ce serait dommage et cela ne se peut pas.

A ce sujet, la "Lyre Havraise" organise pour l'année prochaine, à l'occasion de son cinquantenaire, un magnifique concours de musique, laissez-nous donc caresser l'espoir de vous y voir venir; ce sera très probablement en juillet, à la belle saison, le voyage est court, le panorama splendide, la ville du Havre, intéressante à visiter et le cœur des Lyriens grand ouvert pour vous y recevoir; dès maintenant prenez



vos dispositions pour la réalisation de ce projet, et soyez certains que la "Lyre Havraise" vous fera un accueil aussi chaleureux, amical et sincère, qu'a été le vôtre.

Nous avons en France, un proverbe que fait dire à une personne à laquelle les oreilles tintent, que "c'est parce que l'on parle d'elle." S'il en est ainsi chez vous, vos oreilles ont dû bien vous tinter depuis que nous vous avons quittés et vous tinteront longtemps encore.

Je ne veux pas allonger davantage cette lettre, j'aurais voulu trouver des mots plus vibrants encore, pour vous exprimer toute notre joie et nos remerciements, elle en est l'expression sincère et véritable de la "Lyre Havraise" qui vous adresse encore une fois, un grand merci et a levé sa première répétition par un triple ban, en l'honneur de ces dames de ces demoiselles et de leurs amis de Southampton.

Ayez l'amabilité de donner connaissance de cette lettre à toutes les personnes que nous avons eu la joie d'approcher à votre charmante réception et recevez, Messieurs, l'assurance de notre sincère amitié en même temps qu'une cordiale poignée de mains.

Pour le Conseil d'Administration,  
Le Secrétaire Général,  
J. MAHONY.

Le Président-Directeur,  
L. BELLONDE.

Le Vice-Président,  
C. GUILLAUME.





## RADIOACTIVITY.

+ + +

IN dividing the history of the continuous progress of science into chapters, artificial divisions must be made, and it is convenient to begin a short account of radioactivity with Röntgen's discovery of the X-rays. This discovery was announced to the English-speaking world by the *Standard* of January 8th, 1896, the news coming from Vienna. The writer heard of it first from one of his students, who told him that a German professor had discovered some new rays, and could photograph a skeleton in a wooden box.

Many people, interested in science or its applications, were soon able to repeat Professor Röntgen's experiments, as vacuum tubes sufficiently well exhausted to produce the rays were part of the ordinary equipment of physical laboratories and in a few weeks special X-ray tubes could be obtained.

When an electric current is sent through a well-exhausted vacuum tube, a dark space surrounds the metal plate called the cathode, by which the current leaves the tube; the more perfect the vacuum, the further the dark space extends from the plate. X-rays are produced when the dark space nearly fills the tube and the cathode rays strike the opposite wall of the tube, or, better still, if they strike a platinum plate.

The cathode rays were well-known, and had been one of the unsolved problems of physics for many years. Fifteen years before, Sir William Crookes had experimented with them and constructed vacuum tubes containing ingenious devices for exhibiting their properties. The X-rays they produce pass out of the tube through its thin glass wall, but they are quite invisible, and their existence had never been detected until they spoiled some photographic paper in Prof. Röntgen's laboratory. The existence of X-rays can also be detected by the luminosity which they produce in certain crystalline substances, or by their action in changing the air through which they pass into a conductor of electricity.

The X-rays were very soon employed as a means of locating such objects as needles and bullets in the human body, and their practical usefulness to the surgeon has increased as time has gone on.

Prof. Röntgen's discovery was also a great stimulus to physical research. It was necessary to try to explain the nature of the new rays and that of the cathode rays which



remain in the vacuum tube, but give rise to the X-rays. A large share of this work naturally fell to the Cambridge school of physics, which, under the direction of Sir Joseph Thomson, has taken a leading part in the study of questions relating to the discharge of electricity through gases.

Prof. Rutherford, who has become a leader in the study of radioactivity and is one of Sir Joseph Thomson's most distinguished pupils, was a research student at Cambridge when the X-rays were discovered. He took part in the investigation of their properties and published a joint paper with his professor on the changes produced by the rays in the air they pass through.

One of the very important results of the stimulus given by the X-rays was Sir Joseph Thomson's discovery, announced in 1897, that the cathode rays consist of charged particles much smaller than atoms. These particles are called electrons. They appear to be constituent parts of the chemical atoms and they may be described as atoms of electricity. The discovery of the electrons has been of the greatest service in explaining the complicated electrical and optical properties of matter.

Another effect of Prof. Röntgen's discovery was to produce great activity in the search for invisible rays. The X-rays having been overlooked so long, there might be other rays still waiting to be discovered by an industrious seeker. This activity was most conspicuous in France, and the industry of the French physicists had its reward; in a number of cases, slight effects were found when different substances were given prolonged opportunities of acting on photographic plates.

Fluorescent and phosphorescent substances, such as luminous paint, were tried, because the glass walls of vacuum tubes fluoresce when they are producing X-rays, and this suggested that other fluorescing bodies might possibly give out invisible rays.

Prof. Becquerel, a French physicist, who had previously worked at the subjects of phosphorescence and fluorescence, found that some uranium salts which had been made to phosphoresce by exposure to sunlight, actually did act on a photographic plate through the black paper in which it was wrapped; later, he found that uranium salts, which had never been exposed to light gave off rays just as well. These new rays were found to be somewhat similar to the X-rays in their effect on the air through which they passed, as well as in their photographic action.



Substances which, like these salts of uranium, have the remarkable property of giving off penetrating rays that will act on a photographic plate or discharge an electrical instrument by making the air a conductor of electricity, are said to be radioactive.

Madame Curie, working with her husband, Professor Curie, made a systematic search for radioactivity, testing each substance by its discharging effect, and soon found that thorium salts closely resembled those of uranium in this respect. By comparing different salts of uranium, she found that the activity was a property of the uranium atoms; it depended only on the amount of uranium present, and not the other elements in chemical combination with it. Pitchblende and some of the other natural minerals containing uranium, were, however, four or five times as active as would have been expected from the percentage of uranium they contained. Mme. Curie concluded, therefore, that these minerals must contain some other radioactive element, and she had sufficient faith in the truth of her conclusion to try to separate the new element.

Uranium is obtained from the deposits of pitchblende in Joachimsthal, Bohemia, and the residues remaining after the uranium has been extracted proved to be as active as the original ore. The Austrian Government very kindly presented Mme. Curie with a ton of these residues, and she started on the laborious task of trying to separate the radioactive portion of this material by chemical methods. After each separation, the two portions were tested by the electrical method; if one portion was found not to be active it could be rejected, and the activity all remaining in the other portion was, therefore, more concentrated.

Mme. Curie was guided by her electrical instrument in much the same way that some of the earlier seekers after new elements were guided by the spectroscope.

Finally, minute preparations of two new radioactive elements were obtained. The first was called polonium, after Mme. Curie's native country, Poland, and the second, which was more active, was called radium. Both these new elements are intensely radioactive, radium being more than a million times as active as uranium. This happy result of the work of the French physicists was reached two years after the discovery of the X-rays.

Prof. Rutherford, who was by that time professor of physics in MacGill University, Montreal, experimenting with thorium, discovered that it produced a gaseous radioactive



emanation which could be removed from the powdered thorium salt by a current of air.

Sir William Crookes showed that, by a chemical method, the photographically active part of uranium could be removed, Becquerel, repeating these experiments, found that the active part, uranium X, lost its activity in time, while the remaining uranium gradually recovered its activity.

A similar chemical separation in the case of thorium was made by Rutherford and Soddy, the latter being a chemist who had gone out to Montreal from Sir William Ramsay's laboratory. They found that the active material obtained did not keep its activity, while the thorium left behind, though at first deprived of activity, gradually recovered this property to the full extent. Moreover, when the thorium had recovered its activity, the process could be repeated and a fresh supply of thorium X obtained. There was evidently some connection between the loss of activity of the thorium X and the gain of activity of the thorium, the sum of the two activities remaining constant.

These experiments led Rutherford and Soddy to the very remarkable conclusion that thorium X is an element whose atoms are subject to a high death rate, and that thorium is producing thorium X all the time. This is known as the disintegration theory, because it assumes that radioactivity is an indication of atomic disintegration. According to this theory, when an atom disintegrates, or explodes, the rays are formed by some of its constituent parts being shot off with enormous velocity; what is left is a new-born atom of quite a different element.

This explanation of radioactivity connected together and explained in a rational way the remarkable properties of radioactive bodies, and it now guides all the pioneers in this fruitful field of discovery. Without a simple theory to guide them, the investigators would be very much in the dark, as many of the radioactive substances investigated are obtained in such minute quantities that they are quite invisible.

Radium not only gave off rays but it was also found to produce heat continuously at a rate sufficient to melt more than its own weight of ice in an hour. This mysterious appearance of heat led to much speculation and it was suggested at first that the radium must tap some invisible and unknown form of radiant energy. According to the above theory, however, the heat produced by radioactive substances is due to the energy carried away by the projectiles fired out when an atom explodes. This death



duty is probably only a very small fraction of the energy transmitted by the parent atom to its successor but it is a very important discovery, as it was not previously known that any part of the internal energy of the atoms ever became available.

It is now fifteen years since radium was discovered, and large numbers of chemists and physicists have taken part in extending the new science. Prof. Rutherford is the director of a school of radio-activity in Manchester, and scientists from all quarters of the globe go there to work in the various branches of radioactive research.

Radioactive bodies give out three types of rays, known as  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ , and  $\gamma$  rays. They have all been laboriously investigated. The  $\alpha$  rays which are responsible for most of the heat produced, are now known to consist of atoms of the element helium. This element was given this name by Sir Norman Lockyer in 1868, when its bright yellow spectrum line was discovered in the spectrum of the sun's chromosphere, but it was not found on the earth until 1895, when it was obtained from the mineral cleveite by Sir William Ramsay. He found that it was an inert gas, about twice as dense as hydrogen. It is a curious coincidence that he had hardly time to investigate its properties before they were required to explain the nature of the  $\alpha$  rays. In 1903, Ramsay and Soddy were able to prove that radium produces helium.

The atoms of helium are shot off with enormous velocities, sufficient to take them across the Atlantic in a fraction of a second if they had a clear course. They do not travel far in air, however, as they shoot right through the air molecules and are stopped by these collisions when they have gone an inch or two. It is this rough treatment of the air molecules by the  $\alpha$  rays which spoils the insulating power of the air and so causes electrical instruments to leak.

Soon after Prof. Rutherford came to Manchester, he set up a rifle range, consisting of a glass tube some yards long, with a radioactive body firing through a small hole in a metal plate at one end, and a target at the other. When the air was pumped out of the tube, and the room darkened, an observer behind the target could see a scintillation of light where each helium atom struck, and judge the accuracy of the fire.

Radium has now a tribe of descendants. When an atom of radium explodes, it shoots off an atom of helium and what remains is an atom of radium emanation; when an atom of the emanation dies, it also shoots off an atom of helium and



what is left is called radium A ; the next generation is called radium B ; and so they go on until the tenth generation from radium is reached, which is believed to be lead. Ancestors of radium have also been discovered, the family tree extending back through several generations to uranium. In all, some thirty names have been added to the list of the elements.

The discovery of radioactivity has put quite a new aspect on the old standing disagreement between geological and physical estimates of the age of the earth. Lord Kelvin calculated how fast the earth is losing heat by radiation into space, and concluded that, unless there was some unknown source of heat, it must be cooling rather rapidly, and that millions of years ago it was, therefore, much hotter than it is now. He estimated that forty million years ago it was so hot that no life could exist. That length of time, however, was a small fraction of the age of life on the earth, as indicated by the geological records. The difficulty is now removed, as there is apparently quite enough radioactive material in the earth's crust to supply heat as fast as it is being lost ; the earth may have been no hotter forty million years ago than it is now.

Radioactivity has thus quite upset the old calculation. At the same time, it provides a new method of attacking the problem, as the age of the radioactive minerals can be calculated from the amount of helium which has accumulated in them.





## THOUGHTS AFTER THE BROWNING LECTURE.

+ + +

BROWNING! thy seat upon Apollo's mount  
 Still stands. And thou, in simple dignity,  
 From thy high throne send'st hope and sympathy  
 For us, whose feeble strivings thou dost count.  
 A sign of triumph when we quit this life,  
 Thy thoughts, wing-tipped, speed slowly thro' the veil  
 By ignorance raised; and we, dejected, fail  
 To find thy joy in failures, stress and strife.

Until thy love and buoyant hope are shown,  
 In one to whom thy secrets are well-known,  
 And at his touch thy glowing thoughts unroll,  
 Which tell of joy in strife; peace unattained  
 On earth. Yet wouldest thou have the fight maintained,  
 That we might find a calm enlightened soul. H. C. L.

## OUR BUNBOY.

\* \* \*

Who's this we see before our eyes,  
 Who hears our talk and ne'er replies,  
 And often to us change denies?  
 'Tis Willie Woggs the Bunboy.

Whom do we meet with baleful grin,  
 When late at "Break" he stealeth in,  
 And robs us of our little "tin"?  
 'Tis Willie Woggs the Bunboy.

Who sells jam-tarts, and puffs, and rolls,  
 Whose Choc'late plain and milk consoles,  
 Dozens of eager students' souls?  
 'Tis Willie Woggs the Bunboy.

Who makes us dream of horrid sights  
 And pass such awful, dreary nights  
 That we on waking look such frights?  
 'Tis Willie Woggs the Bunboy.

Oh! Willie dear when thou art lone  
 And thou thy "Hartley Course" hast run,  
 We'll raise to thee a little stone  
 Inscribed—To Willie vender of the Bun!



## WORK.    x    x

I FEEL that a subject such as "work" ought not to be introduced without some sort of apology for its presence, but perhaps you will bear with me if I explain how the forbidden topic was literally "shoved" into my stream of consciousness (Psychology 30%!) Said The Mag. Sec. to me the other day, as we met in the corridor, "I say, will you do something for the Magazine?" At first I thought he was after a sub., and explained that, having come to Coll. somewhere back in the dim ages, in an absolutely "stony" condition, I had gradually become more and more destitute, until at the present time my financial condition—well, I can scarcely be said to possess a financial condition. I am neither surprised nor distressed at this, for I have so few possessions that a financial position more or less cannot make much difference. After all, why does a man need money of his own, so long as he can borrow enough to carry him along?—why—but here my philosophical musings (which had been carried on aloud) were interrupted by the Sec. who explained that what he wanted was not money (Oh! unique specimen of mankind!) but an "article"—words strung together to mean something!! When at length I saw what he would be at, I played my best trump. "How *can* I write anything," I objected, "when among all my scanty possessions I haven't a subject to write about." (Yes, in my exultation, I *did* put the preposition at the end of the sentence!) Many and insane were the suggestions put forward by my companion. For three quarters of an hour he stood there, hurling his ideas at me—yorkers, googlies and all sorts, but I stopped them every time, and even knocked a boundary once or twice. Finally he remembered that he had a lec.—"Write about Work," he flung at me over his shoulders, and before I has time to get in the old query about the Natural Order and the botanical characteristics of work, he had disappeared round the corner. Thus it was that I happened to turn my thought to this loathly subject—which I have been carefully avoiding ever since I came to Coll., and which I had hoped to be able to dodge for another two months, and then to put behind me for ever.

Work, as we meet him at Coll. is a sleek, prosperous and well-to-do fellow, leisurely and cheerful he strolls along with his hands in his pockets, extremely impressed with the knowledge of his own importance. He is quite aware of his power and gloats over the fact that, much as we may all dislike him, we are, one and all, bound to acknowledge his sway, and at least outwardly, to confess ourselves his bond-slaves. He is



the "raison d'être" of our Coll., for under what pretext would this heterogeneous band of young men and maidens be allowed to gather together day after day, except to devote themselves to—WORK! At Coll. *everyone* works, in spite of what the sceptically-minded townsman may say. First there are the out and out swotters, who have absolutely and deliberately sacrificed themselves on the altar of work, who go about all day long, and every day with their noses buried in a book, and who (base thought!) at Speech Night carry off all the prizes.

Then there are the ordinary chaps who "only do what's set"—and as little of that as possible. These manage to make some sort of a show when the Tyrant Work demands his tribute, and this is the class, of course, to which we all belong, for who would confess to being either an unmitigated swot, or an absolute slacker?

Finally, then there are the "also rans," and their brains work, I think, harder than those of anyone else in the Coll. Unless you've tried, you've no idea how difficult it is to think of fresh excuses every week to explain why you were prevented from doing the work which was set, or how it was that you were unavoidably absent from some specific lec. The so-called non-worker is called upon to perform another intellectual feat, involving the most intricate of cerebral processes, he has to gage to a nicety the exact length of time which may be allowed to elapse before he may safely bring out again an old excuse, and having put on to it a new collar, and parted its hair in a different place, present it to the credulous lecturer as something original.

I would also call your attention to the "scrubbing lidy" whose bucket of soapsuds forms a veritable pit-fall for the unwary prowler on staircase or in corridor. An ardent worker she! If by chance, you *should* arrive at Coll. by nine o'clock, you will probably fall over her brush on the doorstep, and once inside the building, you will find that she is assiduously scrubbing the place where the cycle-stand ought to be, and that you must push your "gee" into the Central Hall, where it will be buried under a heap of débris, from which you may, or may not, be able to extricate it at one o'clock. When you come out of your lecture at 9.45 you will probably discover that same scrubber at the bottom of the staircase, and isn't it fair to surmise, that all the time you have been taking education notes (or otherwise) she has been scrubbing her way inch by inch, from the front door to the staircase?

Perhaps you may have noticed the numerous small boys of socialistic tendencies and frankly revolutionary hair? These



infinitesimal beings—although you may have thought them merely boy scouts in disguise—are units in this great army of workers which inhabits H.U.C. Let me prove my point. One Monday morning I arrived at College promptly at 9 o'clock, and went upstairs to the library, steadfast in a grim determination to devote an hour of my valuable time to our inexorable despot. "Aha!" thought I, "the Normals are the first people to begin work in this College, because they are the only people who have lecs. at 9 o'clock. This morning there are no lecs for Normals, and consequently no Normals will have begun work. Since the Normals, who are the first to begin work, have not begun work, therefore I am the first person in this College to begin work—Q.E.D."

However, I had reckoned without the afore-mentioned small boys. When I entered the library, I found five or six of them engaged in what I first supposed to be a Rugger 'scrum,' but which on closer examination I found to be some sort of complicated operation which resulted in shifting one of the newspaper stands a couple of inches. I hardly liked to interrupt their manoeuvres by enquiring *why* the stand should have been moved at all, so I settled down and spread my books out on the table and was just beginning to think about commencing work, when one of the infants approached and by a series of dumb charades he gave me to understand that he wanted to dust the chair on which I was sitting. He did it too, and, nearly choked and blinded, I sat down once more. I opened a book and discovered that it was not the one I had meant to study and was just thinking of opening another on the off chance that it might be right, when another of the tribe drew near. Would I move my books, (I had about twelve of them arranged all round me) because he wanted to dust the table. Far be it from me to prevent anyone from working!, so slowly and reluctantly I gathered up my belongings—and thus it went on for a solid half hour. First they took away the ink pot I was using—in order to get it filled, then they had to "tidy" the dictionary I was using, and so on, until ultimately I gave up all idea of work and settled down in an arm-chair with a newspaper in front of me—after which I was disturbed no more.

Yes, undoubtedly, work is the master of us all at H.U.C., and though many of us, in our heart of hearts, disown his sway and long to rebel, even these bold spirits are forced to dissemble, and we see them labouring under as large a pile of books as that of the most faithful of the Tyrants' devotees.

Work in "digs" or at home is quite another being. Here we have the whip-hand, and we make the most of our advant-



age. He has become a slim, shy, little chap, and he keeps himself in the background as much as possible. In fact, he rarely troubles us until after 11 o'clock at night, and even then he appears with a fugitive, hang-dog air, as though apologising for his very existence. He conducts himself with the utmost tact, generally offering to call again early in the morning, and he leaves us with the tacit understanding that if we *should* happen to be asleep when he arrives he will on no account presume to wake us, but will, like the Arabs of tent-folding fame "silently steal away."

Work appears at his jolliest when he is in fancy dress. Then he comes up to us, with a hail-fellow-and-well-met expression and shakes us by the hand and claps us on the shoulder. We, for our part, are glad to see him, and we never wince at the iron grip of his hand shake, or the physical heartiness of his salutation. Perhaps you will say that you don't believe "work" would ever be so frivolous as to don fancy dress and skip about with the rest of us. But think a moment. Have you never seen people work far harder at enjoying themselves than ever they would dream of doing (even after the most indigestible supper) if they knew they were working? I have seen girls who would be exhausted if they had to walk a couple of miles—for purposes of school prac. for instance—dance miles and miles round the Central Hall at a Soirée, and they appear fresh and still ready to go on, long *after* the strongest man has collapsed utterly exhausted on the nearest chair. How often I have seen men who are so lazy—sorry, old man, meant "tired"—men, who are so tired, I say, that they are obliged to come down to Coll. by car, chasing up and down the footer-field like madmen, and carrying incidentally the weight of a few hundred weight of real, heavy, sticky Southampton mud on their boots!

Then here's to old work, however and whenever we may find him! If he come to us in a jolly, happy-go-lucky mood, so much the better, but if not let's tackle him as best we may and in the end we shall take him by the hand and call him "Friend."

## BENEATH THE CLOCK.

\* \* \*

She stood just there—I took but one

Well, wouldn't you?

With only that bust near too.

Ye Profs. and students what a-to-do

If "*Wellington*" told what he'd seen me do.



## IN CONCLUSION.

▼ ▼ ▼

Nor for the dry husks of knowledge and learning,  
 Not for the honours scholastic we won;  
 Nor for the lectures with eloquence burning,  
 Shall we look back to the days that are gone.  
 Not in the lecture-hall learned we life's lessons,  
 Not in our studies the wisdom we sought,  
 Not by our books grew from youth into mankind,  
 Thanks for your teaching! we count it as nought!  
 Out on the footer-field learned we this precept,  
 "Play out the game, e'en though lost ere begun,  
 Care not at all for success or disaster,  
 Played ye your utmost? What matters who won?"  
 Ask of the Harrier, breathless and weary  
 Doggedly plodding on, last and alone,  
 What was the message the lonely whispered?  
 Not "Who ran first?" but "*How* did ye run?"  
 Linked in a ring, 'to the din of the war-cry,  
 Madly we circled, and madly gave tongue,  
 Cared not a whit for the scorn of beholders  
 Prof. or policeman,—'Tis good to be young!  
 To feel ere the years lay their hurden upon us,  
 Life one great joy as a common-room scum,  
 Heaves all around us, and over, and on us,  
 Foolish it may be,—but—wisdom will come,  
 Wisdom will come as swift as we grow older,  
 Stiffer of limb and short winded of lung,  
 Chilling our hearts as the hot blood runs colder;  
 Still we shall whisper,—"T'was good to be young!"  
 Oft in the rush of the world's clanging warfare,  
 Spent with the struggle for Good and The Right,  
 Blinded by shadows and mocked by illusions,  
 Hungering for peace while still we must fight,  
 Out from the years there shall breathe an old chorus  
 Faint and uncertain, but sounding at last  
 Distantly clear, as remembrance sweeps o'er us,  
 Softly and sweet;—a requiem o'er the past.  
 On through our hearts in a lingering cadence  
 Solemnly peaceful the echoes shall roll,  
 Bearing us back ere they sink into silence,  
 Back to the wonder and glamour of "Coll,"  
 Back to the days when gleaming with sunshine,  
 Fragrant with roses, life's highway shone bright,  
 Beckoned us on to a future enchanted,  
 Spoke nought of shadows but only of light.



We shall forget as the swift years sweep o'er us  
Tutors and teaching, but, these shall remain,  
Mem'ries to brighten the lone years before us,  
Thoughts of past pleasures to lessen life's pain.

M.

---

## A DISCOURSE ON THE HAVRE CORPORATION VISIT.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED A SUGGESTION FOR THE  
BETTER RECEPTION OF FOREIGN VISITORS.

*By Desmond Fitz-Mulligan Bluebottle.*

\* \* \*

If there is ever any opportunity for the display of what may be called ethical bosom-beating, combined with mutual-admiration, one may be perfectly sure that it will not be missed.

Such an opportunity presented itself on the occasion of the visit of the Mayor and Corporation of Havre, who were, on Thursday and Friday, May 29th and 30th, regaled with speeches and mottoes in bad French.

For the benefit of country cousins I propose to give a brief description of the events of the first day, of which I was an eye witness. The second day I spent at the dentist's and found the change very agreeable.

On Thursday morning the Havrais (for so the placards called them) arrived, naturally enough, by boat. This fact may seem trivial, but, in reality it had great effect in stimulating speeches about "the great port of Southampton," etc., etc., afterwards.

Whether the Havrais suffered from sea-sickness (the French for which, Mr. Editor, is "mal-de-mer") I do not know. Probably they did not—everything is disappointing under this Liberal Government. One thing is certain, that at 10 o'clock (or thereabouts) they arrived in state (and in various more or less broken-down cabs) at the entrance of the College. Here, amidst the groaning of a brass band (which to appear strictly French was playing Yankee Doodle), and a profuse display of bare knees by boy-scouts, they dismounted. They were



# NOEL & Co.,

120-122, ABOVE BAR,

(Near Clock Tower).

SOUTHAMPTON, —

Telephone  
1281.

**Tailors, Hosiers, Hatters, and  
Complete Outfitters.**

---

All Garments Cut and Made on the Premises.

— **STYLE** and **FIT** Guaranteed. —

---

We offer the Best Possible Value in  
**Boots, Leggings, Waterproofs, Overcoats,  
Raincoats, Umbrellas, Bags, Trunks, etc.**

---

## AGENTS FOR:—

*The Valitor Waterproof Raincoats—Ladies' and Gentlemen's.  
Distingue Waterproofs.*

*Pesco and Ellico Unshrinkable Underwear.*

*Dent's Gloves—Ladies' and Gentlemen's.*

**SPECIAL  
QUOTATION.**

## Specialists in Athletic Outfits

To Cricket, Tennis, Hockey, Golf, Football,  
and other Clubs.

Slazenger's, Ayre's, and all Best Makes of Athletic and Sport  
Goods stocked.

---

## HARTLEY COLLEGE COLOURS

Are kept in Stock in the following:—

Hats, Caps, Ties, Mufflers, Belts, Jerseys, Stockings, Tennis Coats,  
Hat Bands, etc., etc. (Price List on application).



**THE**  
**Teachers' Provident Society,**

(in connection with the N.U.T.)

**FOR SICKNESS.**

**1. Ordinary Branch.**

£1 per week for first 26 weeks.

10/- per week for next 26 weeks.

5/- per week for remainder of illness.

**2. Deposit Branch.**

ONE GUINEA per week at a nett  
cost of less than 2d. per week.

—:O:—

**FOR OLD AGE AND  
DEPENDANTS.**

**1. Endowment Assurance.**

Lowest Rates. Good Profits.

High Surrender Value.

Loans on Policies.

Commuted at Maturity to an  
Annuity if desired.

**2. Whole Life Assurance** (with profits.)

Lowest Rates on the Market.

Premiums ceasing at specified ages.

Bonus Year 1913.

All Policy Holders participate.

Large Increase anticipated.

—o—

Send post card for particulars to:—

**SIR JAMES VOXALL, Gen. Sec.**

**A. GOLDING, Managing Sec.**

**71, Russell Square, London, W.C.**



conducted immediately to the library, where, surrounded by flags, especially washed for the occasion, they were feasted with—mark this, all ye epicures—penny cakes and ginger-beer!

The rumour that some of them departed without paying the bun-boy is, I believe, untrue. After being so severely dealt with in the library, they were escorted in a body round the College. While they were passing, we, the students (amongst whom, Mr. Editor, was your humble servant, with somebody sitting on his stomach), the students, I say, endeavoured to sing the Marseillaise. The singing was very good indeed with two exceptions, viz., that no one knew the words, and scarcely any one the tune.

I think the reader will agree with me, when I say that I deserve a special word of praise in this matter. I did not know a single word of the song, and had only very vague notions as to the tune; moreover, as I have previously remarked, someone was converting a certain portion of my anatomy into a seat, yet despite all this, I nobly struggled through the song with divers hummings, whistlings, and internal rumblings.

However, let us return to our muttons. After seeing the College the Mayor of Havre evidently recognised what a relief it would be to get out of it for half a day, and thereupon requested a half holiday for the students. This, I regret to inform my readers, was granted. At a more suitable time I propose to publish a paper on the inadvisability of giving any holidays at all, except Empire Day, to College students.

One really good thing arose out of the visit of the Havrais—a good joke. As some of the students may be aware, rather a large amount of lecture cutting was performed on the Thursday morning. At one class where the numbers were particularly small, a certain professor, (whose delicate and slightly caustic wit is well known to the students in chemistry) gazing round on his little flock, said, "Apparently a good many of the gentlemen have taken *French leave* to-day."

This constitutes the whole of my information on the French visit. As the Thursday afternoon was a holiday, it can hardly be supposed that one could be interested in French people any more than in French verbs. On the Friday, as I have said, I was otherwise engaged.

And now, brethren, I come to the really important part of my paper—a treatise on "*How to Receive French Visitors.*"

First and foremost an alliance étrangère must be formed with a president, at a permanent salary of £10,000 per annum to be paid by His Majesty's Government.



Needless to say the first president will be that great and renowned classical scholar Desmond Fitz-Mulligan Bluebottle, who is . . . . .

\* \* \* \*

[The above manuscript was found in a very dirty condition stuffed in the lining of the broken Common Room settee. We deeply regret (as doubtless do all our readers) that the great scheme of our eccentric contributor should have been left in the unfinished state in which we are obliged to present it.—ED.]

---

TO THE AUTHOR OF BARRELL'S GEOMETRY.

• • •

( Air: The Rosary.)

The hours I've spent on this weird book  
Are numberless it seems to me,  
I contemplate with suicidal look  
Its proserly, its proserly.

Each page a prop. each prop. a cause  
Of groans and sighs from students wrung,  
I read each leaf, and mutter through my jaws  
Barrell be hung!

Oh! properties I can't discern!  
Oh! undiluted tommy-rot!  
I give it up, and to the fire I turn,  
To burn the lot—Here goes!—to burn the lot!

“ALPHA BETA.”



## AD \*MULIERES QUAE COAXATIONEM LAVANT.\*

\* \* \*

DEAR women, who on bended knees,  
 For cash emoluments or fees,  
 The corridors and halls infest,  
 And with a bar of "Hudson's best,"  
 Or "Sunlight Soap," (I do not know  
 Which kind you favour,) and some EAU  
 Make clean the floors from time to time;  
 I pray you, from without that clime  
 In which you live eternally,  
 'Midst draughts that cut infernally,  
 Just listen to my humble plea.

I mind not wading through a sea  
 Of soapy water all day long,  
 Nor yet the smell, (although it's strong),  
 I do not mind if now and then  
 I fall on what you'd call "your-s'en,"  
 Or if when in a beastly tear  
 I on the Soap step unaware;  
 The soap is Soft and you're not hard,  
 And if my beauty is not marred  
 By contact with the wretched walls,  
 I do not mind a dozen falls.

At but one thing I draw the line,  
 (I to the rest myself resign),  
 And this one thing I'll tell you now,  
 'Tis this. Round corners when you hide  
 Just keep the bucket well inside,  
 I'd like a broken leg or two,  
 I'd like to fall on top of you,  
 I'd like to slip on Hudson's Soap,  
 To break my back I rather hope,  
 The things I'd like are numberless  
 What I DON'T like I'll now confess  
 (And with this sentiment I'll chuck it)  
 I do NOT want to KICK THE BUCKET.

"ALPHA BETA."

\* *Translation for the benefit of Final Classics Students,  
 "To the Women who clean the floors."*



# OLD MOORE SECUNDUS' ALMANACK FOR MAY & JUNE, 1913.

\* \* \*

- May 5. International Science Class give welcome banquet.
- „ 6. Mr. U - sell's waist measurement rises to 66 ins.
- „ 7. Scrum in Common Room.
- „ 8. Mr. T - ll - y requests Senate to prohibit all scrums.
- „ 9. Mr. T - ll - y presented with Royal Humane Society's Medal for life saving.
- „ 10. Common Room furniture repaired free of charge.
- „ 11. Secretary of Common Room dies of shock.
- „ 12. Mr. P - - - ps presents 50 cigars to 1st year Normals.
- „ 13. First year Normals all absent.
- „ 14. „ „ „ return pale-facedly.
- „ 15. Mr. P - - - ps presents 50 more.
- „ 16. 1st year people appeal to Principal for protection.
- „ 17. Mr. P - - - resigns.
- „ 18. Three pipes (special cherry-woods) missing from corridor.
- „ 19. Three charwomen receive notice.
- „ 20. 500 chairs missing from Hall.
- „ 21. M - rs - - ll jun. required to turn out his pockets.
- „ 22. Mr. A - ate attends 2 lectures in one day.
- „ 23. Staff come out on strike.
- „ 24. Mr. G-dd-n appointed as Sherlock Holmes Professor of Criminal Investigation.
- „ 25. Mr. Pr - - e offers himself as Principal.
- „ 26. Staff decide to return.
- „ 27. Strike of Students.
- „ 31. Mr. G-dd-n joins Southampton Police Force.

- 
- June 1. Mr. Pr - - e offered a Junior Inspectorship.
  - „ 2. President of Board of Trade resigns.
  - „ 3. Appointment denied.
  - „ 4. Mr. Pr - - e emigrates.



- June 5. Thanksgiving Service in Common Room. Speaker :  
Mr. T. Text : "Without Money and without  
Price."
- " 6. Professor —— detained on the way down.
- " 7. Reported engagement of Miss C - - p - r.
- " 8. Three precocious Juniors found drowned off Western  
Shore.
- " 9. Engagement denied.
- " 10. Southampton Pictorial publishes special memorial  
number for the three Juniors.
- " 14. Visit of Siamese delegates.
- " 15. Delegates received by Alliance Française. Students  
sing Siamese National Anthem.
- " 16. Siamese delegate causes sensation by mistaking the  
W.C.R. for his harem. Return of the Siamese.
- " 17. College clock exactly correct.
- " 18. The porter severely censured by Senate.
- " 19. College clock 2 hrs. 10 mins. slow.
- " 20. Porter's wages increased.
- " 21. Mr. U - s - ll begins to take Antipon.
- " 22. Bun-boy strikes.
- " 23. Revolution in College.
- " 24. Mr. U - s - ll induced to give in.
- " 25. Bun-boy returns.
- " 26. Mr. Th - - s arrives in time for a lecture.
- " 27. A certain lecturer resigns.
- " 28. Senate meeting called to discuss matter.
- " 29. Mr. Th - - s dies of excitement.
- " 30. Subscription list for suitable memorial opened by  
W.C.R.
- " 31. New day by special permission of the Senate.



## HARTLEY BISCUITS.    ❧    ❧

✦   ✦   ✦

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

Burns—"On Captain Gross."



*For saying:—*

"The current rises from nought to zero."

Mr. Dixon takes a biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"If we perform this experiment practically."

Mr Dixon takes a Biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"Zinc Hydroxide is soluble in excess of Caustic Soda.  
In this respect it resembles Zinc Hydroxide."

Prof. Boyd takes a biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"If the reaction does not start, it takes a very long time  
to complete."

Prof. Boyd obtains a similar succulent morsel.

*For saying:—*

"When eggs are first hatched they are covered with a  
golden down,"

Mr. Mackie takes a biscuit.

*For describing herself as having:—*

"Rather fluffy grey eyes,"

"Babs" (otherwise Miss Ivy Mitchell—Mr. Lane's  
Brighton correspondent) takes half a biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"I got mixed up between the two girls,"

Mr. Thomas takes the biscuit.

*For mentioning:—*

"The Jack that house built,"

Professor Lyttell obtains a biscuit.

*For referring to:—*

'e' aspirate,

Mr. Bateman obtains a sponge cake.



*For asking :—*

"Is this Cassivellaunus the one who stood on the burning deck?"

Miss Rose takes the biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"All our subjects are compulsory except the optional ones,"

Miss Ploughman takes the biscuit.

*For saying, at Special Method Lecture :—*

"An upright spelling lesson,"

Miss Cussans takes the biscuit.

*For stating on a notice that :—*

A lecture was to be held from 12.15—1 in the fore-noon,

Professor Sutherland takes a biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"We have read in one of those chapters which we have omitted,"

Dr. Horrocks drops in for one.

*For stating at Roman History :—*

"That the creditors would not let Cæsar go till *he* paid the debts *they* owed to *him*,"

Mr. Crawford ought to have one.

*For translating at French :—*

For "un sourire trempé de larmes"—"a wet smile with tears,"

Mr. Gibbs takes a biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"Louis XIV. lived eight days in one day,"

Mr. Bamford wins a biscuit.

*For translating :—*

"Je te rosse" by "I'll 'biff' you one,"

Mr. Thomas takes the biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"They will attend a concert which is to be given by "la lyre Havraise" and the Postmen's Band at the Hartley or other places of amusement, including the Grand Theatre, the Hippodrome, and the Palace,"

The "Echo" takes the cake.



*For saying (in a crit lesson):—*

“And now we get on to the thermometer itself.”

Mr. Price takes a biscuit.

*For saying:—*

“The shape of the dogfish in the frog is round.”

Mr. Eastwood takes a biscuit.

## UNTHINKABLES.

\* \* \*

THAT Mr. Bateman should put up a notice asking for 9d. from all men students. We should have thought he would have asked for 4d. and given us 9d.

—

IF a lecturer should make “cutting” remarks about absentees

—

IF one should sit on a table in the library—or talk.

## HARTLEY.

+ + +

FAREWELL! we cannot stay Time's beckoning Hands,  
Yet would we linger still beneath thy shade,  
With thee remain, contented, undismayed.  
Two years we spent 'neath thy all-loving care  
In our communion gaining strength from thee,  
The strength of courage, joy, and liberty  
In life, which time's swift course may ne'er impair.  
And though our halting footsteps wend away,  
Yet would we reap sweet memories of our stay,  
Which dimly floating through the vale of years  
Bring us a comfort and a joy in thee,  
And in their transient sweetness still we see  
Familiar faces smiling thro' our tears.

H. C. L.



FOR ——— TELEPHONE 51x.

# Superior Printing!

ARTISTIC, PLAIN, AND COMMERCIAL.

**F. W. ADAMS,**  
*Printer, Bookbinder, Die Stamper, Manufacturing  
Stationer, &c.*

PRINTED BY  
THE H.U.C.  
MAGAZINE  
AND  
HANDBOOK.



FIXTURE CARDS,  
PROGRAMMES,  
MENUS,  
INVITATION AND  
NAME CARDS, &c.

**Speciality—H.U.C. Note Paper,**  
Stamped with College Crest.  
Ditto Envelopes to match. Correspondence Cards, &c.  
Can be obtained ONLY of F. W. ADAMS, Stationer, &c.,  
**10, BERNARD ST., SOUTHAMPTON.**



C. W. MOOR,

THE AVENUE

---

∴ BOOK, NEWS, AND ∴  
STATIONERY STORES,

---

16, LONDON ROAD,

(NEARLY OPPOSITE PUBLIC LIBRARY),

SOUTHAMPTON.

---

HAWKINS & SON,

HIGH-CLASS

Bakers & Pastrycooks,

---

49, CHAPEL ROAD,

Telephone No. 27 X.

SOUTHAMPTON.

---

Winners of 23 Medals and Cups at London  
and other Exhibitions.

---

CATERING IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES.



## HARTLEY COLLEGE HALL.

For 4 Nights only.

*Commencing JUNE 16th,*

We are showing that greatest of all Masterpieces,

## "THE COLLEGER" !!

In Two Parts (Head and Tail).

*This Film, which is 2,000 feet long, is the finest ever produced.*

—o—o—

The picture of the College presented to the spectator is the most pathetic which has ever been thrown on the screen. The view of the P.S. room is a reproduction of an old print. The wonder and amazement of those who have dipped on first entering this torture-chamber is so convincing, that many old offenders in the audience will find it hard to believe that they are looking at pictures projected on a screen. In the Common Room we see the engineers wasting their money in riotous living, the Normal waiting for his grant, the fag-cadger, all parade themselves before you, not a picture, but life. This is the only film which has successfully caught the intelligent look on the Professor's faces.—The wonder of the age!!! Don't miss it. Prices to suit all—from the Normal-with-his-grant downwards. Every English MAN should see this: so, also, should the Professors.

## A POEM.

\* \* \*

Value not the loss or winning,  
 Gilded prize or note of fame,  
 But that from the game's beginning  
 To its end, ye played the game;  
 Bent each thought and strained each sinew  
 To its utmost, set your will,  
 Firm to spend the best within you,  
 And so spending found your fill  
 Of pleasure in the playing,  
 Found the end was less than nought  
 Found a lost game worth the staying  
 So the contest were well fought,  
 Count it nobler than "Well won"  
 To earn as praise "Well played—well done."

M.





THAT a certain young lady has caught the Jim-Jams.

---

THAT (by his own confession) Mr. Thomas goes home, not as the crow flies, but as the duck waddles.

---

THAT a visitor enquired in all seriousness if Mr. Price was a lecturer?

---

THAT Messrs. Q - - - n and M - - - - y refused to pay damages on *principle*, or shall we say lack of *principal*.

---

THAT Professor *Waterman*'s speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet was *dry*.

---

THAT Cigarette ran in the Grand National, but as no one had a quid there was no one "tobaccer" (to back her).

---

THAT Mr. U - - - l is suffering from malnutrition.

---

THAT Miss F - - t once forgot her French home work.



## THE LEGION OF THE LOST ONES.

\* \* \*

"Ye shall judge a man by his friends": in the same way you can spot a Normal by his "fag stumps."

According to philosophers and other weak-minded persons, teaching is the noblest profession in the world. In order that the reader may not run away with any false ideas, a brief synopsis of the life of a teacher is given below.

At the tender age of 13 the would-be-teacher leaves the Elementary School with a swelled head, one pair of spectacles, and the best wishes of the masters. With these he is confident of attaining "Great Place" in the teaching profession. He spends three years at a Secondary School to prepare himself for his final passage to the Training College. Here, during the intervals of waiting for his grant, he practises for the stage of life. He is expected to fill the role of Historian, Literary and Art Critic, Carpenter, Dry-nurse, Mathematician, Strike-breaker, Territorial and Musician. During this period of training he does a kind of Pilgrim's Progress. He is beset by the wiles of his landlady, P.S., and the rancour of Professors. He is overworked and underfed. With luck on his side he finally escapes and obtains a situation, bringing him in the magnificent sum of 28/6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per week (perhaps). Out of this he pays superannuation, any sum up to 3d. for laundry and his landlady. If he is thrifty, he may have enough left to provide him with the regulation packet of "blindlers" each week. At this stage of his career he is easily distinguishable by his characteristic and picturesque dress, of which the most noticeable items are, rubber-heel pads, a last season's straw hat (blackened); and a pair of leggings. He also generally carries an umbrella. He suffers from indigestion and dyspepsia and finishes up in a garret with a tallow-dip lighting him on his last journey.

## I WONDER.

+ + +

MAIDEN! when are o'er your college days  
Will you shun the world's bad ways  
And answer foolish men with haughty Nays!

Will you work your sums by rote,  
Patch and mend a child's torn coat,  
Or :—will you clamour for a vote?



## THE TENNIS MUFF.

+ + +

In these days when everybody seems to consider it inconsistent with dignity and a most reprehensible disgrace to be only partially successful in any undertaking, possibly it would not injure our self esteem to such an alarming degree, if a clear and definite defence were made of the position held by the unfortunates who are too often the subjects of our too feebly concealed sneers and pointed remarks.

I mean of course, the Tennis Muffs. Let me acquaint you at once of my identity. I am the biggest muff who ever had the effrontery to handle a tennis-racket. In any tournament in which it has been my embarrassing misfortune to be dragged I have inevitably started from the "receive forty mark" and even then have not been successful.

I have served more doubles, muffed more returns and been the cause of more swear-words in any single game than any person of my—and I'm certain of your acquaintance.

I am supreme among muffs; my seat is secure and unassailable. But I care little who knows of my incompetency. I am proud of my position. I review my aloofness with relish and rapturous abandon bordering upon absolute insolence. In my isolation I smile in lofty disdain upon the struggles of thousands of meaner subjects. It is superbly grand to be so free and distinctively aloof from the toiling competitors, who envy so markedly my sublime indifference.

It is well, doubtless, to be an abridged edition of Gore or Doherty, it is infinitely better to realize the charms attending upon the irresponsible double-serving muff.

I dislike your automata. There's no fun in being an automatic machine. This is what your "crack" inevitably becomes. He serves correctly and with easy grace, his returns are mathematically accurate, he *always* knows the score and "tells" it with a precision which is positively irritating; and he is altogether insensible to the gradations of feeling which make the game so fascinating to the muff.

How many "cracks" experience the thrills of delight and the blank despair which the muff encounters during a game!

When the muff is playing the atmosphere is always surcharged with a dose of tense expectancy and absorbing mystery. He never knows exactly what is going to happen; neither do you for that matter, hence you simply stand and await developments.



These thrills are, possibly, never more intense, never more delightfully vivid, never more appreciable, than when the muff is serving. They come with a potency and suddenness which leaves him in a state of perfect bewilderment.

He does not know whether he is on his head or his heels during these moments, he doesn't care either: what he is supremely conscious of at these times, is that it is good to be alive.

Now when the muff serves, his emotions are so intermingled, so bewilderingly confused that their fickleness raises within his breast a most indefinable rapture.

Dark, gloomy thoughts of serving doubles, or missing the ball entirely, are so intricately interwoven with triumphant thoughts of unreturnable "serves," that in his mind for the moment is a medley of chaotic and unfathomable thoughts.

He takes up his position well on the back line of the Court. He notes the height of the net with feelings which alternate between sickening despair and glowing triumph; he grips the racket desperately and then prepares to serve, the tone of his voice as he calls "*service*" being indicative of sincere and resolute endeavour to hit a correct serve. The ball descends suddenly, the racket describes viciously a circle round his head and falls to meet the descending ball—*swish*—he misses.

The shock is simply glorious. Incredulity, blank amazement, self-contempt, are written in large letters upon his face. His emotions run riot, and a miniature revolution takes place in his mind. Missed! after all that care and preparation! 'Tis inconceivable. He cannot understand the thing at all, he does not know whether to laugh unrestrainedly at his own ludicrous efforts, or curse that seemingly innocent ball which dances away in devilish glee quite indifferent to his impotence.

But oh! the sublime ecstasy, the ravishing joy which he feels if he is successful in his serve, "Wellington's achievement at Waterloo," pales into insignificance.

Now I contend that the good player cannot experience the supernal delight felt by the muff. He may contrive after great deliberation, anxiety and care to miss his serve, but then the shock to him has lost its attractiveness.

These feelings are not acquired by cold deliberate reasoning, they can only come piping hot, and must be spontaneous. It is their unexpectedness which makes them so superbly delightful. Your "Crack" is debarred from these thrills because he has forsaken the maddenning uncertainty of the muff's play, for the stereotyped, professional attitude.



Impulse now has lost her hold upon him, and nothing he does has that ingenuous abandon, that spontaneity and freedom so noticeable in the play of the muff.

Try how he will, he cannot return to that land now in the possession of the muff.

The muff lives securely alone serving doubles, and calmly indifferent to snubs. He lives in a pleasing dream full of strange and dizzy sensations which are exquisitely pleasurable from their unexpectedness.

He creates in his innocence a beautiful phantasy which envelopes him as a mist. You players of renown do not disturb his serenity by your insinuations, let him wander alone in his innocence, sublimely egoistic, and delightfully indifferent to all conventional Tennis methods.

H. C. L.

## POST BAG.

\* \* \*

### TO THE EDITOR.



DEAR SIR,

There are some things that "no fellab can understand," but as it is the property of an Editor always to be omniscient, perhaps you could enlighten me on some of the following points.

Where is Jackey, the afternoons that Mr. I——d does not walk bome alone? Nuf. Sed.

Again, wherefore this thusness at the Hythe boat? I refer to the interest in botany. And why did Mr. B——ll hop off the boat before she started. Can it be that he had the misfortune to "gently grasp a nettle?" tut-tut! who frew dat brick?

Once more have you ever noted the conduct of Hebbie after a terminal? Why doth the busy little Heb. saddle up to the lecturer who set the paper, and explain that his lectures have been an oasis in the Sahara of Hebbie's life, that his notes are an heirloom to be passed on to his sons' sons, and in short that he is the only pebble on the academic beach? Can it be that Heb. thinks that lecturers are human? tut-tut! rats! likewise, rodents!

Finally, Sir, what in the name of Diana the Chaste do the ladies mean in P.S.? Without them College life would be "one demned horrid grind," but why do they spend P.S. huttoning up one another's backs? I pause for a reply.

Yours inquisitively,

BERTIE BOSHLEY.



*With apologies to R. Kipling.*

Let us now praise P.S. men,  
Men of little showing,  
For their work continueth,  
Every day continueth,  
In P.S. continueth,  
To improve their knowing.

Yarns about the "Sunny South"  
Took us from our mothers:  
Then we found the Western Shore,  
At the Hartley by the Shore,  
Spent two Summers by the Shore,  
Mid one hundred brothers.

There we met with famous men  
Set in office o'er us;  
And they stuffed us up with Notes,  
Daily stuffed us up with Notes,  
Shamelessly with many Notes,  
Which they knew would bore us.

And we praise these famous men  
Of the Hartley College,  
For they showed us that SWOT,  
Many hours of hard-boiled SWOT,  
Nothing else but blooming SWOT,  
In Exams. counts knowledge.

This we learned from famous men,  
Knowing not its uses,  
That it does not pay to shirk,  
Ay! we found we could not shirk,  
E'en P.S. we could not shirk,  
Unless we had excuses.

Every Thursday afternoon  
When the sun is shining,  
Seeth one or more of us,  
Sometimes all the lot of us,  
But always seeth some of us  
In P.S. repining.



Some who've dipped four times or more  
Are their fate bewailing:  
They before the face of Profs.,  
Stand before the face of Profs.,  
Answering to many Profs.,  
To excuse their failing.

Those who are on School Prac. sent  
Bear the greater burden;  
They must kow-tow to the Boss,  
Knuckle under to the Boss,  
Let him see that he is BOSS,  
Seeking praise nor guerdon.

And we praise these famous men  
Who made life a sorrow;  
They who made us swot to-day,  
Made us put aside to-day  
All the joys of our to-day,  
Or do P.P. to-morrow.

And we praise the P.S. men,  
Men of little showing;  
For their work continueth,  
Every day continueth,  
In P.S. continueth,  
To improve their knowing.

N.B.—P.S. is an Institution peculiar to the Hartley Univ. Coll. It has numbered in its ranks such famous men as, Rube, Slush, Spike, Suet &c., &c., as one great poet puts it,

"They know of toil and the end of toil," &c., &c.







**W. L. PARKHOUSE,**  
**JEWELLER,**  
**10, ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON.**

SOUVENIR  
 SPOONS.

ARTISTIC  
 JEWELLERY.

SILVER GOODS  
 FOR  
 PRESENTATION.

WATCH  
 WRISTLETS  
 FROM 10s.

ENGRAVING.

WATCHES AND  
 JEWELLERY  
 REPAIRED ON  
 THE  
 PREMISES.

Telephone 914.

Established 1881.

**OLD & SON,**

**19, ABOVE BAR,**

Wholesale and Retail

**Tobacconists and Cigarette Manufacturers.**

✂ LARGEST STOCK OF BEST MAKERS' ✂  
 SPECIALITIES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

Agents for LEOWE & G.B.D. BRIARS.



# WISEMAN'S, LIMITED,

DEALERS IN

## All Kinds of Artists' Materials

BY THE BEST MAKERS

**AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.**

---

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Boxes from One Shilling to Six Guineas.

DRAWING BOARDS AND PAPERS.

SQUARES, CURVES, CANVASES.

STUDENTS' BOXES OF OIL COLOURS from 2/6.

WATER COLOURS from 10½d.

---

**FINE ART GALLERIES, ABOVE BAR.**

---

# BOOKS

**On all subjects including Educational,  
Technical, Scientific, Literary, Medical,  
Commercial, etc., etc.**

---

Send for Catalogues—Post Free—and state wants.

## Second-Hand at Half-Prices!

**NEW at 25 per cent. discount.**

Thousands of New and Second-Hand Volumes suitable for Libraries.

---

Books purchased, best prices given. Books sent on approval.

**W. & G. Foyle** 135, Charing Cross Rd.,  
LONDON, W.C.



SAYINGS APROPOS.

\* \* \*

THE WOMEN STUDENTS TO THE LIBRARIAN.

"Kiss me Hardy."

*Life of Nelson. Southey.*

THE TERM.

"Tis the season of billing and cooing  
Amorous flying and fond pursuing."

*"Fine weather with the Dyentia."*

MR. JOWITT AFTER SCHOOL PRACT. TEA.

"I wasna fou, but just had plenty."

*"Death and Dr. Hornback."*

TO PROF. LYTTTEL.

"They spell it "Vinci" and pronounce it "Vinchy":  
Foreigners always spell better than they pronounce."

*Mark Twain.*

WHAT WE'VE THOUGHT WHEN WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDORS  
ON SATURDAY MORNINGS.

"Soap and Education are not as sudden as a massacre, but  
they are more deadly in the long run."

WHAT THE LANDLADY GIVES US.

"Pasthry that aggravates a mon 'stead of pacifying him."

DRILL.

"O weary, weary hour."

*F. C.*

DIGS.

"The rule is jam to-morrow, and jam yesterday,—but never  
jam to-day."

*F. C.*

TO MR. APPLIN.

"Life is not so short but that there is always room  
for courtesy."

*Social Anns.*



TO MR. WEBER.

"He makes a foe who makes a jest."

Guy.

MR. SPARKS, TO THE MISSES S———K.

"Three's company, Two's none."

"From Popular Song."

THE W.C.R.

"Bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal and spite."

"Maud" Tennyson.

THE M.C.R.

"Woodbine spices are wafted abroad."

"Maud" Tennyson.

AT THE HOSTEL.

"Sweet girl-graduates in their golden ? hair."

"The Princess" Tennyson.

A QUESTION AT TERMINALS—

"How can an answer be given by a person who does not, and confesses he does not, know what to answer."

"Republic" Plato.

BROWNING ON TERMINAL RESULTS—

"'Tis not what man Does which exalts him but what man Would do."

"Saul" R. Browning.

MISS T —— R.

"Whom waitest thou  
With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,  
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,  
Thou faint smiler Adeline?"

"Adeline" Tennyson.

NEDDY.

"Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever."

"The Brook," Tennyson.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TOMMY.

"Take Winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him, and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run."

"My Study Window," Sewell.



EPITAPH FOR MR. R - E - S.

"'e niver knawd nowt but booöks, an booöks as thou knaws beant nowt."

*"The Village Wife," Tennyson.*

MR. GRAVES.

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

*"Midsummer Night's Dream."*

MR. L - S TO HIS LANDLADY.

"So if you're waking call me early, call me early."

*"New Year's Eve," Tennyson.*

SCHOOL PRACTICE—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"As we entered in

There sat along the forms like morning doves

That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,

A patient range of pupils.

*"The Princess," Tennyson.*

"JERRY."

"There is a certain studious something in your looks

A certain scholar-like and studious something,—

You understand,—which cannot be mistaken,

Which marks you as a very learned man."

*"The Spanish Student," Longfellow.*

MR. S——N OR MISS M——D.

"Sweet Auburn!"

*"The Deserted Village," by O. Goldsmith.*

MR. LEIGH (P.C.)

"But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man."

*Kipling "The Eathen."*

"For a soldier I 'listed, to grow great in fame,

And be shot at for sixpence a day.

*C. Dibden. "Charity."*

MR. DUDLEY.

"Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right."

MR. SPARKS.

"Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me wisdom."

*"As you like it,"*



MR. THOMAS.

"Qui s'excuse s'accuse."

BREAKAGE REPAIRER.

"Nihil eges vectigalibus, et parvo contentus esse possum."

*Cic.*

MR. BELL.

"The bellman who excelleth at a catch."

*Ibid.*

MR. PRECIOUS.

"I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom 't will be no easy matter to shake off."

*Goldsmith.*

MR. CLEARY.

"When the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even."

*Anon.*





PICTURE VERSES, X

I.

Mona Lisa.

*De Vinci.*

✧   ✧   ✧

What life is it that Art hath sought to catch ?  
 What soul behind this still, strange smile of thine ?  
     Is't world-weariness ?  
     Pity that doth bless ?  
 A tolerance benign ?

Lady ! unclose, and bid my wonder cease.  
 Make thy way out. Break through the bonds of Art ;  
     Thy smile doth conceal,  
     Laugh thou, and reveal.  
 Laugh ! and unlock thy heart !

II.

A Lady walking in the Mall

*Gainsborough.*

Lady, walking in the Mall,  
 Looking to the right,  
 Wherefore, wherefore glancest thou ?  
     Is thy love in sight ?  
     Pledged ye overnight  
 To meet here and now ?

Well, your meeting had its end,  
 Ye are dead and gone.  
 Sir, shall I, who tread to-day  
     The same marge upon,  
     Pass, for that for none  
 Time will ever stay.



## III.

## The Boyhood of Raleigh.

*Millais.*

He talks to them of foreign lands,  
 Of wonders over sea;  
 Strange men, strange birds, strange beasts,  
     strange sights,  
 All strange as strange can be.  
 And they, enchanted, only say,  
     " We too, when we are men,  
 Will sail away and see these things.  
     Oh ! would that now were then."

ESSAYS OF SWOTTERS; being a number of maxims for  
 those Who Have Dipped.

1. *Of P.S.*

\* \* \*

Students in P.S. are twice servants—servants of the supervisor, and servants of time; so that they have no freedom neither in their person, nor in their actions!!!!

The sitting in P.S. is laborious, and it is sometimes base, and it is only by indignities that students get "shot out." Nay, retire others cannot though they would.

In P.S. there is opportunity to do both good and evil; whereof the latter is a blessing. Power to do good is the lawful end of things, and so leave that till the end. In discharging thy P.S. set before thee many books, so that if the supervisor except to one, yet thou may'st take another. Neglect not also the examples of "Those-Who-Have-Been-Shot-Out," and so thou may'st do ill and keep within the law. Preserve the right of thy place, and, rather than assume thy seat in silence, voice it with drums and cymbals, and upon the ten-stringed lute. In P.S. things move violently from place to place, so that Authority becomes unsettled in its seat, and there is much throwing about of brains. All going to P.S. is by a winding stair (over the Bridge); and, if these be arguments,



it is good to take a side and "raise the dust." If thou hast colleagues, give them all *due* respect, and so thou shalt lose nothing; and rather call them by their names than such as "Suet," "Tadger," &c., and so when thou art gone, they will not revile thee. Seek not to converse with thy neighbour (except under cover), neither raise up thy voice to "Hitchy-Koo" lest One-In-Authority discover thy knavery.

---

## ODE TO MY PUTTEE.

\*     \*     \*

It was a phantom of delight  
 When first it gleamed upon my sight,  
 A rare device so neatly trim  
 To decorate my nether limb;  
 Its sinuous coils bestowed in place  
 Had something of the serpents' grace,  
 But otherwise it seemed to wear  
 A guileless and inviting air.  
 A shape designed in fold on fold  
 To clothe, to shelter, and uphold.

I found it upon nearer view  
 Most stubborn yet most fickle too,  
 Its motions not to be controlled,  
 Reluctant to be smoothly rolled;  
 An ingenuity unguessed  
 To thwart my efforts to be dressed,  
 A fabric not too stoutly made,  
 To stretch, to cockle, and be frayed.  
 A new scytale well designed  
 For puzzling eye and hand and mind.

And now I see with eye serene  
 What this has always truly been,  
 A strip of Karki cloth wherein  
 May be encased the human shin;  
 A stop-gap closing what would be  
 Hiatus 'twixt the boot and knee;  
 A thing not lightly to be donned,  
 Yet close embracing, warm and fond.  
 This is its nature joined I think  
 With something of the missing link.

PRIVATE WORDSWORTH,  
 G. Cox



## THE PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE.

\* \* \*

THIS is an ever changing world. Day follows day and year follows year, each differing from all before and all to come. What has the future in store for this world and the civilisation which it contains?

It is evident that with the whole of the planet within measurable distance of being occupied, a turning point in the history of the human race is being approached. Already nations are concerning themselves rather in preserving their territories than in adding to them; and on every side thoughts of economy and conservation are replacing those of development and advancement.

It is however the conquest of man over nature, not of man over man, that marks the true course of progress; and at no time has it been emphasized more than at the present. The phenomenal progress of civilisation during the last century can be traced almost entirely to one source, the robbing from Mother Earth of her accumulated stores of energy. This process of rapine cannot last for ever; and man must face the fact that while civilisation can create nothing but knowledge, it has learned how to spend an agelong accumulation of energy which it can never hope to restore.

Take an example: this has been called the Coal Age, for only in the utilisation of the energy of fuel does it differ essentially from the preceding eras. The coal represents the accumulation of solar energy over geological epochs of time. The primæval forests of the carboniferous era were no mushroom growths. On this diminishing and irreplaceable commodity the future of civilisation at present seems to depend.

Or again, consider the first problem in which any uneasiness with regard to the future was manifested. Some years ago Sir William Crookes drew the attention of scientists to the probable future failure of the wheat supply of the world. A continuous supply of nitrogenous matter is necessary for the cultivation of all cereals; and in addition to manure, the only sources available were the ammonia by-products of the coal-gas industry, and the natural saltpetre deposits of portions of South America. Of these, the former depends entirely on the supply of coal; while the latter, if the present rate of consumption continues, will be exhausted in twenty years. This problem has already been partially solved by the fixation of



atmospheric nitrogen, at the expenditure of the natural energy of water power. In all parts of the world this power formerly running to waste is being utilised; and the valleys of Switzerland have been somewhat unpoetically described as "Glacier at one end, ninety-eight per cent. nitric acid at the other." The harnessing of water power can in one sense be considered a pure gain, but in reality, it is only reverting to the old problem of the duration of the available natural energy resources. The wheat problem, with its ghastly shadow of impending starvation for a large part of the human race, is but one aspect of the still scarcely recognized coming energy problem, which is like a faint cloud on the otherwise clear horizon of the future.

These examples show how absolutely dependent is the civilisation of the present day on the legacy of energy stores, which it has received from its less extravagant predecessors. Yet how is it that it is necessary to draw from these resources. Energy, like matter, we cannot create; and on the other hand we cannot destroy it. All that we can do is to change its form; to change it from the chemical energy of coal, or the dynamical energy of the swiftly running stream into useful mechanical energy. Sooner or later it all takes one form that of heat energy of uniform temperature. In this form it is useless to mankind; for by inanimate mechanical means it is impossible to obtain a continuous supply of useful work by cooling a body below the temperature of its surroundings.

As far as life on this world is concerned, the greater part of the energy is received from the sun. Part of this, stored up from bygone ages in the form of coal and other kinds of fuel, forms the chief source of energy at the present time; part, expended in evaporation, causes the rainfall, producing the "White Fuel" which is being utilized more year by year; another, and far larger, part is converted directly into its final form, and so rendered useless. This flow of energy from the sun to the sea of waste heat, is determined by the unchanging laws of nature. Man cannot hasten it: he has no wish to retard it. The acceleration of the pace of life beyond that fixed by the natural laws of supply and demand has been accomplished only at the expense of the supplies of energy handed down from former ages.

Less than twenty years ago the outlook was far from bright, but these last years have wrought a revelation in our knowledge, and proved the existence within the atoms of matter of sufficient energy to satisfy the uttermost ambitions of mankind for ages almost without number.



From some of these atoms, radium and uranium for example, there is a very slow radiation of energy; but in almost every other case the energy appears to be locked up securely, and to defy all the feeble efforts of man to liberate it.

Here then is the pressing problem which confronts the human race, a problem which is daily becoming more urgent. But just in proportion to the magnificence of the prize to be won for this mastery of man over nature, so does the conquest transcend in difficulty his former victories. Think of the countless ages which elapsed during which man must have been made aware, by natural conflagrations, of the energy existing in fuel, but could not liberate it; and then think again of the centuries which passed after the first long-forgotten savage kindled a fire before the thermal energy was converted into its useful mechanical form—a result first attained in the construction of the steam engine. Is this to be the rate of progress now? Science has shown the existence of untold stores of energy within the atom—and that is all; it can neither liberate it nor utilize it.

It appears that the generations that are to come will witness an interesting race between the progress of science on the one hand and the depletion of the natural resources on the other. On the result of this strenuous contest the whole outlook of civilisation will depend. Sooner or later—and not infinitely later—nothing will remain to augment the natural rate of energy supply save the primary stores of atomic energy, and the sea of waste heat of uniform temperature. The former alternative seems the less hopeless; and the problem of artificial transmutation of the so-called elements, not as the alchemists of old desired, into gold, but into a material infinitely more precious, into elements imprisoning less atomic energy, will probably be the final struggle between man and nature. Failure will mean a relapse of the race to its primitive savage condition; success will ensure a continuity of progress, and a further widening of the gulf which separates modern civilisation from its simple beginning.



## VIOLET ON POINTS OF ETHICS.

\*     \*     \*

VIOLET is in many respects a typical young woman of the middle class; but she has a piquancy which cannot be classed. She has both the reality and the appearance of health, and, though she has enjoyed what may be called a good education, is so far from being a blue stocking that she retains "a woman's ways" even in matters where, on the theory of some, they are the outcome solely of defective training. Especially has she the faculty of holding and asserting strongly an opinion without regard to the logical steps whereby, according to the scientific mind, conclusions should be reached, or to the force of modifying circumstances. But Violet does not parade her views. One has to angle for them; and often it is necessary to become for the time a sort of devil's advocate in order to extract from her what one would like to know of her thoughts on some particular matter.

I was driven or tempted into that position recently when we were discussing a University "rag." Now I may inform the reader that my own undergraduate doings were of the mildest. I never went in fear of a proctor, because I was never engaged in anything to which a proctor could possibly object. But when the question of "ragging" came up in conversation with Violet, and she began to abuse the 'Varsity man of the present day, some queer combination of feelings impelled me to put in a word on behalf of the riotous undergraduate.

"You see, Violet, you must look at the matter in a broad way. It is the time-honoured privilege of the 'Varsity man to 'rag' on occasion, and allowing for the influence of the tradition and the natural exuberance of an undergraduate, especially a 'fresher,' you cannot regard this 'ragging' as you would an ordinary attack on person and property."

"What will you be saying next?" she cried. "I'm sure you never acted like that when you were up. Why, then, should you defend these academic hooligans? If it's wrong for anyone to destroy people's property and kill policemen, it's wrong for a 'Varsity man."

"But they didn't kill any policemen."

"Well, they did quite enough."

"Then you think membership of a great society cannot affect one's relation to morals?"

"Of course not."



"You are very unromantic, Violet."

"On the contrary, I love romance."

"Do you see nothing romantic in these wild raids of the gowmsmen?"

"There may be romance; but it's the romance of idiots."

Clearly Violet would listen to no excuse for the "academic hooligan"; I therefore abandoned him to his fate. But this opening discussion suggested other ethical topics on which I thought I would get her opinion.

The cry of "Home Rule debate!" reached us faintly from the street.

"And you would apply your rule, I suppose, to political matters?" I said.

"What rule?"

"Your rule of absolute morality."

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, take a case. Suppose I believe in Home Rule, or Conscription, or Tariff Reform."

"But do you?"

"That's not the point."

"But what's the good of supposing?"

"Please hear me, Violet. Suppose I believe firmly in the necessity and righteousness of some particular measure. Would you not allow me to compromise somewhat on the road to its attainment?"

"I thought you didn't believe in women meddling with politics."

"I don't, but I want your opinion, Violet. If I thought that to concede something to the other side temporarily would help me later to make progress towards the measure I desired, wouldn't I be justified in conceding it?"

"You mean as a matter of policy?"

"Yes."

"I hate the word."

"You think the end cannot justify the means."

"If the means are bad in themselves, they are bad."

"If you believe firmly in one thing, how can you consistently agree, even for a time only, to something inconsistent with it?"



"But if the means are successful, are they not consistent with the end?"

"Oh! you're a perfect Machiavelli, George," retorted Violet.

"You think there's always a clear, straight way?"

"Well, yes."

"But, you know, to go straight forward may lead you into all sorts of trouble."

"What if it does?"

"Well, one has to consider what will happen. What do you think of a case like this? A man walking along a country road saw some distance ahead a gigantic ruffian, knife in hand, rushing up to a woman, obviously with intent to stab her. Now, he was small, and of feeble frame, and could not possibly have saved the woman unaided, and if he had rushed up to interfere, would infallibly have been stabbed himself. Instead of running forward, he roused the nearest inhabitants. By numbers the man was overpowered, though not before he had wounded the woman. She was, however, saved from almost certain death. Did the small man act rightly?"

"Can you ask?"

"What should he have done?"

Violet looked at me with eyes of indignation. "He should have rushed at once to her rescue."

"But he couldn't have rescued her himself."

"It doesn't matter."

"And he might have met his own death in the attempt!"

"It doesn't matter. Wouldn't you have gone?"

"Never mind me. I'm speaking of a particular case. He did what was probably the most effective thing he could have done."

"But why didn't he go alone?"

"Well, perhaps he was a coward by nature, and couldn't for the life of him do that."

"If he was a man he would have done it."

"Don't you think it would have required something more than an ordinary man—a hero, to do it?"

"Every man should be a hero."

"And every woman?"

"Loves a hero."



"Oh, Violet! The breed of men is all varieties, and but few are heroes."

Here I picked up a book that Violet had been reading, and glanced at the title. Her cheeks burned.

"Oh! I've lost all faith in doctors," she said.

The book told of a doctor, who in order to secure certain information about a disease, which would enable him to stay its ravages in the community, accelerated, by one small act, the death of a woman under his charge. She was a woman of the very lowest class, and her life had been of no value to anybody. That she would die within a day or so was almost certain, but her death must be hastened if the doctor were to obtain the information he desired. He got what he wanted, and was able thereby successfully to combat the disease, to the incalculable benefit of the community.

"You think he had no right to hasten the end even by a moment?" I asked.

"While there was life, there was hope," was Violet's answer. "I've lost all faith in doctors."

"But think of the benefit to the world."

"Supposing I had been the woman."

"What a fancy, Violet," I cried.

"Isn't all life sacred?" she retorted.

"But isn't the life of many more than the life of one?"

"Everyone has the right to live."

"But surely you admit there was something to be said for him?"

"I could never, never trust a man who would do a thing like that."

Well, I thought, Violet is certainly consistent in her view of ethics. I began to picture her as a Donna Quixote making war on behalf of ethical simplicity. We were both silent for a time. Then there was a knock at the door. A maid entered.

"Mrs. Gray wishes to see you, Miss."

"Oh! tell her I'm not at home," said Violet.

The maid departed.

"Oh, Violet, where's your consistency?" I cried.

"Oh, George, do be reasonable," she pouted, with a stamp of the foot, "for you know Mrs. Gray's a horrid woman."



## CHRISTIAN UNION.

\* \* \*

## MEN'S BRANCH.

SUMMER Term is not a good one for indoor meetings and consequently large attendances have not been expected, but it is encouraging to record that a fairly good average has been maintained. The term has been eventful. The visit of Mr. W. C. Thomas of Leeds University to discuss plans for next year, was extremely pleasant as it renewed an old Swanwick friendship, and enabled us to hear of the doings of the *Student Christian Movement* in other colleges.

Prof. Sutherland's address on *Comparative Religion* supplied the need of many of us, especially in its re-assertion of our view that Science and Religion are not incompatible.

Mention must be made of Mr. Hunt's address on *Personal Service*, in which the spirit in which the Movement is conceived was well brought out; and of the addresses of Rev. Peter Buchan and of Mr. Rowland. The Social Address for the term was delivered by Mr. Maher, on *Industrial unrest and the relation of the Churches thereto*.

On June 1st we were honoured for the first time by an address by Dr. Alex. Hill. He spoke on the religious ideas of Robert Browning, and shewed how his early life laid the foundations of an unswerving faith which was to help him to stand the stress and storm of the introduction of the Theory of Evolution, accepting it as essential and necessary to a rational view of Christianity, while so many leaders of religion were trying to disprove and ridicule it. The address by so eminent an authority on Browning as Dr. Hill will be remembered long after we have gone down as one of the brightest spots of our College days.

The oft-postponed lectures on Christian Apologetics were delivered on May 21st and 27th, by Rev. P. B. Clayton, of Portsea. They were most valuable and interesting, and by revealing in some degree the intellectual bases of belief, created in many of us a determination to undertake a systematic study of the subject.

The Committee wish to thank all those who have helped us by addresses, contributions or presence at meetings, and trust that they have been able to help in the realisation of their motto—"The College for Christ."

These notes would be incomplete without our thanks to Mr. Tomlinson our esteemed President and without the hope that he may speedily recover from his illness.

E. W.

—o—o—

## WOMEN'S BRANCH.

ALTHOUGH there have been a number of Meetings during the Term, only one has been for Women Students alone. This was held on Sunday, June 15th, and was well attended, about twenty being present. The speaker was the Rev. Neville Lovett, who took for the subject of his address the "Women's Movement," which he treated in a very admirable manner.

The Combined Meeting have been much enjoyed, and especial mention must be made of the one addressed by Dr. Alex. Hill.

A new feature this Term was the series of apologetic lectures held on two successive Tuesday evenings. The addresses given at these by the Rev.



P. B. Clayton were much appreciated, and it is hoped that similar Meetings will be held next session.

The Lantern Lecture on "Swanwick" proved as interesting as was expected, the only disappointment being in the numbers, very few being present.

We hope to send a delegation of at least six to Swanwick this year, and trust that the result of the Conference will be increased enthusiasm for next years work.

M. B.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. ✱

✱ ✱ ✱

As usual there is not much to relate about the doings of the above Society in the summer term. The last term of the Session always seems even shorter than it really is, and there are so many other ways of dissipating accumulated stores of energy that the Society generally rests from the strenuous labours of the earlier part of the year. This year, however, two very interesting visits have been paid.

The first of these visits was to Le Dansk Margarine Works, at Northam. About 36 members met at the works on Wednesday, June 4th, at 11.45. The whole process of the manufacture of margarine was shown and explained by the Manager, M. Fr. Falck. Briefly, margarine consists of a mixture of beef fat and vegetable fats, chiefly derived from cocoa nuts, melted and churned up with milk. The hot mixture is then passed under jets of iced water, which solidifies the margarine in a crystallized state. It is then worked up to the desired consistency and packed. A point which was especially noticed by those who had not visited the works before was the spotless cleanliness with which the whole process is carried out. We were shown first the refrigerating plant for providing the iced water mentioned above. We then saw the arrangements for heating and mixing the raw materials. After inspecting the enormous store of packages of all sorts and sizes for the conveyance of the finished product to all parts of the world, we were shown the large churns, holding several tons of the melted mixture. Near to these was a large machine for removing the water from the crystallized margarine. Before leaving the works we were shown the packing of the finished article, samples of which were given to the lady members of the party. The visit, which was much enjoyed, did a great deal to convince those who still held the erroneous popular views as to the nature and origin of the despised margarine—that is, this substance is a perfectly pure and wholesome article of diet, in no way inferior, either in its composition or in the manner of its manufacture, to the best dairy butter.

On Wednesday, June 11th, about 20 members paid a visit to the Southampton Gasworks at Northam. We were first shown the apparatus for preparing ammonium sulphate from the ammoniacal liquor formed as a bye-product in the making of the gas. Near this we saw the arrangements for landing coal off the Itchen, and storing it. Coal can be taken in at a rate of 100 tons an hour, and at present 1,500 tons can be stored. From this point we passed to a retort house, where we were fortunate in seeing a set of retorts drawn and recharged by two electrically-driven machines. The electricity used for this and other similar purposes is



# GEORGE PHILLIPS & Co.

Stationers, Ironmongers, and  
Fancy Warehousemen . . . .

12, HIGH ST., & 120, 121, & 122, EAST ST.,  
SOUTHAMPTON.

TELEPHONE NO. 6X.

~~~~~  
AN . . . .

Endless variety of Useful & Fancy Articles

*Suitable for Birthday, Wedding, and Presentation.*

PLAIN, FANCY & COMMERCIAL STATIONERY.

*NOTE PAPER STAMPED coloured Relief or PRINTED Address  
at Lowest Prices.*

*Stationery Purchased from G.P. & Co. will be Stamped in Plain  
Relief, FREE OF CHARGE form Customers' own Dies.*

~~~~~  
Visiting, Invitation, & Wedding Cards Printed.

~~~~~  
THE BAR PEN, 4½d. per Box of Two Dozen.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN, from 10s. 6d.

THE QUEEN FOUNTAIN PEN, from 3/6

THE PICCOLO, 2/-; THE INDEPENDENT, 3/6; RED DWARF, 3/9; and  
other STYLOGRAPHIC FOUNTAIN PENS, from 1/3.

~~~~~  
POST CARD, STAMP, SCRAP, and WRITING ALBUMS in great variety.

Travelling and Safety Inks in Leather, &c., 4½d. to 3s. 6d..

Nature Study and Exercise Books, Foolscape, Manuscript, Blotting and other Papers, Drawing  
and Sketch Books, Pens, Pencils, India Rubber, Elastic Bands, &c.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS IN SETS.

~~~~~  
*OUT-DOOR and IN-DOOR GAMES IN GREAT VARIETY.*



ESTABLISHED 1854.

# J. POOLE & Co.

104, CHARING CROSS ROAD,  
———LONDON.———

School, Classical, Mathematical, Theological, Scientific  
and Students'

---

New & Second-Hand  
... BOOKSELLERS ...

---

All enquiries as to prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK  
answered. BOOKS BOUGHT.

---

## DEBENHAM & SMITH

. . Photographers, . .

---

149, Above Bar, Anglesea Place,

*(Late 1, Sussex Place)*

**SOUTHAMPTON.**

~~~~~  
Groups and Portraits—First-class Work only.  
~~~~~

**Special Terms to the Students of Hartley  
University College.**



generated in the works. We then saw the various arrangements for cooling and cleaning the gas, by washing it with water, and passing it through layers of iron oxide to remove such impurities as sulphuretted hydrogen. We were next shown the apparatus for measuring the quantity and quality of the gas produced and for controlling the supply to the district. After this the plant for producing water gas was seen. We then inspected a large new retort house and coal store in course of erection, and on leaving this were shown the stores of lime and iron ore, and of articles used in the consumption of gas. We passed through the part of the works devoted to the production of and renovation of such articles, and finally inspected the stables. By the courtesy of the Directors we were entertained to tea by the Secretary and the Engineer to the Company, to whom we are greatly indebted for a very interesting and enjoyable visit.

The present writer, before concluding the last report which it will be his duty to send in, would like to take this opportunity of putting on record his indebtedness to the many officers and members of the Society who have worked so hard for its welfare and advancement. It has undoubtedly advanced in many ways during the last four years. May it long continue to do so; and with increasing size and popularity may it ever cherish all that is highest in the ideals of Natural Science.

C. S. A.

## WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM NOTES.

✱ ✱ ✱

"In the name of the Prophets, Common Room notes!" demanded the stern, awful voice of the "man from London." "Common Room notes! But nothing ever happens in *our* Common Room. We never break tables or kick footballs through windows, or have real right-down genuine rough houses in our Common Room."

"Well, say you don't then," insisted the same tormentor. "Say you all sit in rows facing one another and read the paper, and chuck books at anyone who speaks."

"But then we don't do that," I pleaded. "We haven't any papers. You men are so selfish that we have to make do with the weeniest grant that you can imagine, and by the time we've bought a rug and a tablecloth and four cushion covers we have only 3/10 left, and 3/10 will only buy 15½ Punch's '—,'" and so I should have continued for ever and ever had not the Sec. gently reminded me that he was due at a lecture ten minutes since and—oh so, by the way, was I.

But, really, something scrumptious did happen this term in the Common Room, thanks to the usually most unwelcome swotters.

They, the swotters, were sitting as usual at the apices of an equilateral triangle, in the shape of a dirty green settee with their three (I think there were only three that morning) backs facing one another, and their three respective heads bent over three respective volumes of "Ploëtz." At the other end of the Room was being held a conspiracy meeting.

"We will warn them to-day," quoth the oracle, "and then if they do it to-morrow we will heave them out."

Agreed!



The warning was duly given.

To-morrow arrived. The members of yesterday's conspiracy meeting once again gathered, but to-day spoke little and watched much.

Yes, they were there again. It was real sporting of them to be there, we thought. We wondered if they knew it.

One minute! "Un! Deux!! Trois!!!" as a member of the Lyre Harvraise hath it.

A rush, a scramble, much struggling and kicking and squealing, much disarranged hair, and the swotters are landed in the corridor.

We discover that those Inter. people mayn't know much French, but they have remarkably well developed muscles, and we secretly vow to make a careful study of Ju-jitsu against another emergency of the kind.

But obviously these people are not sufficiently squashed yet. They are not at all willing to be left in the corridor for the remainder of interval.

We find it advisable to allow three somewhat hefty mortals to sit on each of these rebels, in the vain hope that they will finish the squashing process.

But they are up again, and at the Common Room door like the persistent beings we've discovered them to be.

Do you know how pleasant it is to be stuck between the door edge and the door post, with thirty people trying hard to shut the door, and about six others trying to push it open?

If so you can form some idea of the state of things which existed for the next five minutes.

I wonder if the bell did ring that morning. Surely it couldn't have, or we should have heard it.

Breathless and unrepentant the "Inters" tumble into the Common Room.

"Hello, what have you lost?" I kindly inquired of one of them.

"Lost?" she fiercely retorted. "Why my dough-boy, of course. I believe you've eaten him."

I meekly protested.

"The last time I saw it Miss — was sitting on it," I observed.

Well, they swot no more, and all's well that ends well. And soon it will end, won't it?

A day or so more and we shall say, Farewell to thee, oh nineteen-and-sevenpenny rug, and the cushions will be ill-treated by our unfeeling successors.

We wonder whether our Junior's juniors will know how to manipulate those camp chairs, because they collapse so very easily when one happens to catch one's foot in the fixing rung behind.

We have sometimes accidentally caused folks to repose on the floor that way ourselves.

But this is far too much space for C.R. notes.

I wonder which of all the useful and inspiring matter written above will be cut out, Mr. Editor!

Oh, by the way, has anyone seen the Bun lady?

D. G. M.



## CHESS NOTES.



THE coming of Summer has naturally put Chess in the background, but though events have been few, they have been very important.

First and foremost, after drawing with Southampton D., and receiving the points in their match *versus* Basingstoke by default, the Coll. team led in the North-Western Division of the Hants Trophy Competition. They therefore met Portsmouth D., the leaders of the South-Eastern Division on May 25th, and after an exciting struggle, the match ended in a draw. Consequently the Final was re-played on June 4th, when the Coll. won by 3 games to 2, the score for Hartley being:—

|              |    |    |   |
|--------------|----|----|---|
| Mr. Mackie   | .. | .. | 0 |
| Prof. Masom  | .. | .. | 1 |
| Prof. Watkin | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr. Gibbs    | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr. Lockwood | .. | .. | 0 |
|              |    |    | — |
|              |    |    | 3 |
|              |    |    | — |

The College therefore hold the Trophy for the coming year.

The College Tournament resulted in the following gaining prizes:—R. J. C. Weber (first); D. R. McWhinnie and C. S. Gibbs (equal second); R. J. Bateman (fourth).

The Prizes were presented by Prof. Masom at a General Meeting of the Club, held on June 12th. The following Officers were then elected for next season:—President: Prof. Masom; Captain: Prof. Watkin; Vice-Captain: Mr. Mackie; Secretary: R. J. C. Weber; Asst. Secretary: C. S. Gibbs; Committee: B. A. Weber, D. R. McWhinnie.

R. J. C. W.

## TENNIS NOTES.



THE season opened with a week of bad weather, so little or no play was possible before the Senior *v.* Junior match on May 7th. In this match the Seniors were, as usual, far superior to the newcomers, and won by 10 events to 1. The sole victory for the Juniors was that of Miss Hamilton and Miss Aubrey over Miss Chappell and Miss Eustice. Very little talent was shown by the Juniors, but two, at least, have secured places in the team.

We opened our Programme on May 17th, with a match with the "Bohemians" of Portsmouth, and after a hard-fought, but enjoyable game, won by 7 events to 5.

The Barnardo Tournament was held on May 24th, and a number of Students entered. Our representatives met with more success than usual, and two succeeded in reaching the Semi-final Rounds of the Lower Division.



The College Tournament held on May 31st, attracted 32 entrants, who were divided into two divisions of 8 couples, in which each played each. This ensured 7 short sets to every player, and so met with general approval. The handicapping appeared to be very fair, and a number of exciting sets were played. The leaders of the First Division were Quinton and Miss Tidman (owe  $\frac{1}{2}$ -15) with 41 games out of a possible 42, and James and Miss Beresford (receive 30) led in the Second Division with 40 games. The Final resulted in a victory for James and Miss Beresford, their score being  $\frac{3}{4}$ .  $\frac{3}{4}$ .  $\frac{3}{4}$ .

On June 7th, we sent a fairly weak team to meet our neighbours the Cambrians, and were beaten to the tune of 3 events to 9. Miss Chappell, (2) Misses Hamilton, Aubrey and Ploughman, and Mr. Agate won events. We hope this will be our only defeat.

To conclude, we should like to thank those lady Members of the Club who arranged the Tea so efficiently on the occasion of home matches.

R. J. C. W.

## CRICKET NOTES.



### Seniors v. Juniors.

As ill fortune would have it, this match had to be abandoned early owing to heavy rain. The Juniors batted first and compiled 88 for 6. Only two Juniors succeeded in reaching double figures—Hebden (36) and Glover (20). The first dozen runs compiled by Hebden were rather luckily obtained, but during the closing stages of his innings he was seen to much better advantage and improved greatly. Of the other batsmen only Naylor (9) and Smith (7) succeeded in making anything of a score.

### v. Deanery. May 7th, 1913.

The College batted first and managed to scrape together 48, of which total Glover claimed 12 and Mead 11. For the Deanery, Read did yeoman service with the ball, taking 7 wickets for a small total.

The Deanery did not start their innings too well, losing their first two wickets for 6 runs. The innings finished for 127, and so we lost our first match by 79 runs.

For the College Radford, Kite, Smith and Band, each claimed two wickets.

### v. Grammar School. May 10th, 1913.

Our opponents on this occasion placed in the field six masters, and many of us were expecting a heavy defeat. But this was not to be, as our opponents were dismissed for 8 runs.



The College started batting on a fairly good wicket and compiled in all 128, of which Glover, (35) Smith (24) and Lewis (22 not out) were chief scorers.

During the Grammar School innings the College team fielded magnificently, and it was very pleasing for the bowlers to have such splendid support.

For the College Radford took 4 wickets for 6, and Mead 5 for 2.

#### v. Lyndhurst C.C. May 17th, 1913.

This was our first match away from the County Ground, and resulted in an easy win for the College by 31 runs.

The College batted first and put together 73 runs by some good cricket against good bowling by Fulcher (E. J.) of Norfolk County.

Lyndhurst started disastrously losing their first 3 wickets for no runs and their first 5 for 5. It then seemed as if there were to be a repetition of the Grammar School 8, but the tail wagged and the innings closed for 42.

For the College Radford took 6 for 13, and Mead 3 for 17.

#### v. Reading University College. May 28th, 1913.

This Inter-College fixture is always regarded as a most important one.

A word of thanks is due to our opponents who entertained us in such a splendid way, and thus made the day a most enjoyable one.

Glover and Mead opened the College innings. The score crept up carefully to 50 and still these two were together. The stand for the first wicket yielded 106 runs in just over two hours. Of these Mead (73) batted in a free and easy style, whilst Glover was content to play careful cricket and watch his partner punish the bowling. It was hard lines that Glover should have been run out when nicely set.

The College team declared with 152 for 5.

Our opponents started in a way which much resembled ours. Sixty runs appeared on the board without loss, and so well were the home Captain and his partner batting, that it seemed as if they would equal our first wicket partnership. However, we managed to dispose of 4 of their men for 106, when wickets were drawn.

For the College Band took 1 wicket for 15, and Mead 3 for 31.

#### v. Romsey C.C. (Away) May 31st, 1913.

The feature of the Romsey innings was a sparkling display by Mr. Sayer, a Master at Osborne School. He had a variety of strokes and executed them beautifully. At the declaration of the innings he was still undefeated with 106 to his credit.

The College team had 1½ hours in which to get over 200 runs. They did not start any too well, losing Mead (10) at 18. After this a fine stand was made by Glover and Smith, and towards the close a good stand of much interest by Smith and Cowan.

Smith played a very careful, and at the same time a sound, innings, carrying out his hat for 56. He and Glover completely mastered the bowling for an hour, and runs came at a rapid rate. Mention should be here of the dashing innings of Cowan, who scored 31 in less than 20 minutes, by good and powerful hitting.

The College eventually obtained 152 for 2 wickets.

For the College Smith and Glover each secured 4 wickets.



## v. Ordnance S.O. June 4th, 1913.

This match was played in delightful weather at the County Ground. The College team batted first, but in no very encouraging style. Glover who has batted so consistently was dismissed quite early without scoring. Mead after some careful cricket went into the Pavilion with the score just inside double figures. A valuable stand was made by Smith (30) and Lewis (21).

As usual, Cowan went in and took risks, but hit up 22 in a very short, but sweet innings. One of his hits went for 6. The innings closed for 113.

The Ordnance start was even more disastrous than ours, 2 wickets being down for 1 run, but the succeeding batsmen made amends, Prince scoring 86 and Russell 50. The innings closed when 8 wickets were down for a score exceeding 250. As far as bowling went Mead took 3 wickets and Terry 2. Particular mention must be made of the brilliant catches brought off Band and Jowitt.

F. P.

## Hants County Club v. Ground.

This match was arranged in place of the fixture with Queen's C.C. (unavoidably scratched at the last moment). A very strong team was turned out against the College, including such notable Hampshire players as Kennedy, Raymond, H. A. Smith, etc. In spite of this, however, the College knocked up the very respectable score of 143, to which Mead contributed 37, Cowan 30, Kite 21, and McGuire 22.

There is no doubt that the very weak fielding of the College eleven helped to a great extent their opponents in piling up the huge score of 228 for six wickets. McGee (who made 95) was missed at 2, and also at 21. Mention must be made of Kennedy's sparkling innings of 52. On several occasions he lifted the ball clean out of the Enclosure for 6, and it was humorously suggested that one of our fielders might be allowed to stay over in the adjoining garden until Kennedy had finished his innings.

As regards the College bowling, Mead took three wickets for 75, and Radford two for 60.

## BATTING AVERAGES.

|                  | Innings. | Runs. | Times<br>not out. | Highest<br>score. | Average. |
|------------------|----------|-------|-------------------|-------------------|----------|
| G. S. Cowan ..   | 5        | 104   | 1                 | 31*               | 26       |
| R. Mead ..       | 9        | 182   | 0                 | 73                | 22.22    |
| L. E. Smith ..   | 9        | 159   | 1                 | 56*               | 18.87    |
| P. Glover ..     | 10       | 198   | 0                 | 48                | 19.8     |
| F. Kite ..       | 8        | 96    | 1                 | 28                | 13.7     |
| J. McGuire ...   | 8        | 56    | 3                 | 20                | 11       |
| H. C. Lewis ..   | 9        | 79    | 1                 | 22*               | 9.87     |
| S. R. Ruffell .. | 8        | 56    | 1                 | 16                | 8        |
| G. D. Radford .. | 5        | 27    | 0                 | 11                | 5.4      |
| G. E. Terrey ..  | 8        | 28    | 0                 | 14                | 3.5      |
| C. Band ..       | 7        | 15    | 2                 | 7                 | 3        |

\*Indicates "not out."



## BOWLING.

|                  | Overs. | Mdns. | Runs. | Wkts. | Average. |
|------------------|--------|-------|-------|-------|----------|
| G. D. Radford .. | 62.3   | 14    | 166   | 29    | 6.9      |
| R. Mead ..       | 94.1   | 20    | 380   | 28    | 13.5     |
| L. E. Smith ..   | 50.2   | 5     | 315   | 12    | 19.58    |
| C. Band ..       | 23     | 5     | 87    | 4     | 25.37    |
| F. Kite ..       | 51     | 9     | 203   | 8     | 25.37    |
| P. Glover ..     | 32     | 3     | 195   | 7     | 27.8     |

R. M.





**H. D. COX** (late CAWTE & SON),

PRACTICAL

**BOOKBINDER, STATIONER,**

**Wholesale & Retail String Dealer.**

(Bookbinder to the Hartley College).

**5, WEST STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.**

Bookbinding of every description executed on the Premises with Neatness and Despatch. Only the Best Materials used. Personal attention given to all orders.

---

Telephone 9X5.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

**H. M. GILBERT & SON,**

**Booksellers (New and Old),**

**Librarians, Bookbinders, and Stationers.**

**A Large and Representative Stock of New  
Books always on hand.**

*3d. IN THE 1s. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.*

*The Largest Stock of Second-hand Books in the South of England.*

*A Circulating Library in connection with Mudie's.*

**BOOKS BOUGHT—from a Parcel to a Library.**

**24, Above Bar, Southampton.**

---

**E. TOOMER & SON,**

**CRICKET BAT MAKERS —  
AND SPORTS OUTFITTERS,**

**REPAIRS.**

**Re-Blading a Speciality.**

**29, Avenue Road, Southampton.**

(Two Minutes from Stag Gates).



"Sport whom wrinkled Care derides  
And Laughter holding both his sides."—*L'Allergo.*

Are both to be found if you will  
trip in on the light fantastic to

---

## COX & SON'S SPORTS TEMPLE.

---

A perusal of this Magazine inclines them  
——— to think there are many ———

Good Sports  
in Hartley University College.

---

In whatever direction your Sporting proclivities seek an  
outlet, each devotee should bear in mind **Cox & Son**  
minister to each and every requirement in connection  
with Sports and Games.

"Age cannot stale, nor custom wither  
Their infinite versatility."

Therefore extend them your custom, and verily you  
shall have the best of service.

(Mention this Magazine).

---

... COX <sup>AND</sup> SON ...  
28, HIGH ST. & 7, BERNARD ST.,  
SOUTHAMPTON.

TELEPHONE 140Y.



Telephone 99.

# Pianos Piano Players

BY THE  
LEADING  
MAKERS.

---

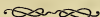
Cash Discounts or  
Deferred Payments.

---

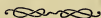
Hire for Short or Long Periods.

TUNERS sent to all parts.

... ENQUIRIES INVITED.



PIANOS EXCHANGED.  
HIGHEST VALUE ALLOWED.  
CATALOGUES POST FREE.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

## GRAMOPHONES.

---

### H. P. HODGES,

117. ABOVE BAR (opposite the  
Clock Tower).

— ALSO AT —

129, ST. MARY ST.

19, BRIDGE ST.

18, HIGH ST., SHIRLEY.

7, PORTSMOUTH ROAD,  
WOOLSTON.

14, STATION HILL, EASTLEIGH.